

The Living Age.—Supplement.

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READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Magazine.
WHEN DO WAR-SHIPS BECOME OBSOLETE?

In the present day the argument that none but the greatest navy is of any avail, and that such is too expensive for us to contemplate—as it probably is—is re-enforced by the common statement that the ship built to-day becomes obsolete in an extremely short time, the period stated being generally a rhetorical figure rather than an exact estimate. The word "obsolete" itself is used here vaguely. Strictly, it means no more than "gone out of use;" but it is understood, correctly, I think, to mean "become useless." A lady's bonnet may become obsolete, being gone out of use because no longer in fashion, though it may still be an adequate head-covering; but an obsolete ship of war can only be one that is put out of use because it is useless. A ship momentarily out of use, because not needed, is no more obsolete than a hat hung up when the owner comes in. When a ship is called obsolete, therefore, it is meant that she is out of use for the same reason that many old English words are—because they are no longer good for their purpose; their meaning being lost to mankind in general, they no longer serve for the exchange of thought.

In this sense the obsolescence of modern ships is just one of those half-truths which, as Tennyson has it, are ever the worst of lies; it is harder to meet and fight outright than an unqualified untruth. It is true that improvement is continually going on in the various parts of the complex mechanism which constitutes a modern ship of war; although it is also true that many changes are made which are not improvements, and that reversion to an

earlier type, the abandonment of a once fancied improvement, is no unprecedented incident in recent naval architecture and naval ordnance. The revulsion from the Monitor, the turreted ship pure and simple, to the broadside battery analogous to that carried by the old ships of Farragut and Nelson, is one of the most singular and interesting changes in men's thoughts that the writer has met, either in his experience or in his professional reading. The day can be recalled when the broadside battle-ship was considered as dead as Cock-Robin—her knell was rung, and herself buried without honors; yet, not only has she revived, but I imagine that I should have a very respectable following among naval officers now in believing, as I do, that the broadside guns, and not those in the turrets, are the primary battery of the ship—primary, I mean, in fighting value. Whatever the worth of this opinion—which is immaterial to the present contention—a change so radical as from broadside battery to turreted ships, and from the latter back to broadside, though without entirely giving up turrets, should cause some reasonable hesitancy in imputing obsolescence to any armored steamship. The present battle-ship reproduces, in essential principles, the ships that preceded the epoch-making Monitor—the pivot guns of the earlier vessels being represented by the present turrets, and their broadsides by the present broadside. The prevalence of the Monitor type was an interlude, powerfully affecting the development of navies, but making nothing obsolete. It did not effect a revolution, but a modification—much as homeopathy did in the "regular practice."

There is, of course, a line on one side

of which the term obsolete applies, but it may be said that no ship is obsolete for which fighting-work can be found, with a tolerable chance—a fighting chance—of her being successful; because, though unequal to this or that position of exposure, she, by occupying an inferior one, releases a better ship. And here again we must guard ourselves from thinking that inferior force—inferior in number or inferior in quality—has no chance against a superior. The idea is simply another phase of “a navy equal to the greatest,” another military heresy. A ship under the guns of one thrice her force, from which her speed cannot carry her, is doubtless a lost ship. She may be called even obsolete, though she be the last product of naval science, just from a dock-yard. Before such extreme conditions are reached, however, by a ship or a fleet, many other factors than merely relative force come into play; primarily, man, with all that his personality implies—skill, courage, discipline—after that, chance, opportunity, accidents of time, accidents of place, accidents of ground—the whole unforeseeable chapter of incidents which go to form military history. A military situation is made up of many factors, and before a ship can be called obsolete, useless to the great general result, it must be determined that she can contribute no more than zero to either side of the equation—or of the inequality. From the time she left the hands of the designers, a unit of maximum value, throughout the period of her gradual declension, many years will elapse during which a ship once first-rate will be an object of consideration to friend and foe. She will wear out like a garment, but she does not necessarily become obsolete till worn out. It may be added that the indications now are that radical changes of design are not to be expected shortly, and that we have reached a type likely to endure. A ship built five years hence may have various advantages of detail over one now about to be launched, but the chances are they will not be of a kind that reverse the odds

of battle. This, of course, is only a forecast, not an assertion; a man who has witnessed the coming and going of the Monitor type will forbear prophecy.

Now, as always, the best ships in the greatest number, as on shore the best troops in the greatest masses, will be carried as speedily as possible, and maintained as efficiently as possible on the front of operations. But in various directions and at various points behind that front there are other interests to be subserved, by vessels of inferior class, as garrisons may be made up wholly or in part of troops no longer well fitted for the field. But should disaster occur, or the foe prove unexpectedly strong, the first line of reserved ships will move forward to fill the gaps, analogous in this to the various corps of reserved troops who have passed their first youth, with which the Continental organizations of military service have made us familiar. This possibility has been recognized so well by modern naval men that some even have looked for decisive results, not at the hands of the first and most powerful ships, but from the readiness and number of those which have passed into the reserve, and will come into play after the first shock of war. That a reserve force should decide a doubtful battle or campaign is a frequent military experience—an instance of superior staying power.

There is no reason, therefore, to worry about a ship becoming obsolete, any more than there is over the fact that the best suit of to-day may be that for the office next year, and may finally descend to a dependent, or be cut down for a child. Whatever money a nation is willing to spend on maintaining its first line of ships, it is not weaker, but stronger, when one of these drops into the reserve and is replaced by a newer ship. The great anxiety, in truth, is not lest the ships should not continue valid, but lest there be not trained men enough to man both the first line and the reserve.

From “Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects.”
By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

From the Atlantic Monthly.
THE TORPEDO AND THE RAM.

While it seems probable that our battle-ships would be able to make a vigorous and effective attack, and to take heavy blows without fear, the really uncertain elements in modern naval warfare are the torpedo and the ram. It is scarcely to be doubted that a ship would sink if pierced below the water-line by either. Actual experience, however, has given us few data upon the use of these weapons between ships in motion. There is a record of ships at anchor destroyed by torpedoes, but the two cases are not the same. The Chilean ironclad Blanco Encalada was sunk in the harbor of Caldera by a Whitehead torpedo fired from the torpedo boat Almirante Lynch. Her water-tight doors had not been closed, and her crew is said to have been asleep when the torpedo boats came into the harbor. At any rate, she went down without having made any attempt to get out of the way. Very few guns were fired. The Albermarle was sunk at her anchorage on a dark night. The Aquidaban was destroyed by night in Santa Catharina Bay.

All these, however, are cases of ships lying at anchor without picket boats, and we have nothing to tell us what torpedo boats can accomplish against battle-ships in motion or at anchor surrounded by proper scouts. They may prove to be more dangerous in imagination than in reality. At best they are frail structures in which everything is sacrificed to speed. Even a voyage across the Atlantic is perilous, and they are of no use whatever unless accompanied by a coal supply. The protection against torpedo boats is provided by a number of rapid-fire guns, and when we consider that one shot would be likely to destroy the motive power of one of these little crafts, we can understand what a slender chance she would have if discovered. The Iowa could fire at least one hundred and twenty shots per minute on each broadside, and could thus encircle the ship with a shower of projectiles delivered with great accuracy of aim. Is it un-

warrantable to believe that our ships will scarcely find torpedo boats a grave element of danger? They undoubtedly create a feeling of nervousness and apprehension on a battle-ship, only exceeded by that on the torpedo boats, whose sole defense against large vessels is their speed. The stake in men, time and money is far greater for the former, but the risk is almost prohibitive for the latter. In fleet action, such a small vessel would be like a small boy who has interfered in a street fight among men. A fleet of torpedo boats could, however, wait beyond the range of the guns, and come up to destroy an enemy whose gun fire had been silenced.

The place of the ram cannot be stated definitely from past experience. Its use will probably be confined to the delivery of a death-blow after an antagonist is disabled. While one ship may attempt to ram, the other may have equal facility in avoiding the blow. Besides this, the torpedo, with which every battleship is armed, acts as an efficient deterrent. Our battleships are provided with four or six torpedo tubes from which automobile torpedoes may be fired. It seems likely that these would be in place, ready for use, in case two ships were very close together. The danger from their premature explosion, if struck by a shot, would be likely to keep them below the water-line until occasion for use arose. It is reported that the Chinese actually fired their torpedoes into the water, and left them to wander aimlessly around, rather than to trust them in the tubes, where they were exposed to rapid-fire guns.

The subdivision of the ship below the water-line is made with great minuteness, and its effectiveness in preventing the entrance of a large quantity of water depends upon the prompt closing of the water-tight doors. These doors must be closed upon the slightest indication of danger, and the crew must be thoroughly trained in the care of apparatus required to make them tight. The penalty of carelessness is well understood. One needs only to

read the records of the marine insurance companies to establish the fact that water-tight bulkheads have saved many ships that would otherwise have been lost. It is still within the memory of those who cross the Atlantic that the Arizona ran into an iceberg and had the greater part of her bow torn off, but that the ship made her port without serious apprehension on the part of her captain. A few years ago, the officers of the Hartford, lying in Valparaiso, saw a Chilean torpedo boat, going at full speed, accidentally ram a large ironclad. The bow was doubled up on itself and the hull badly torn, but no great amount of water entered, and the boat easily made her landing. There are many records of grounding where the bottom-plates have been pierced without seriously endangering the safety of the ship. The use of wood does not give us immunity from accident and its results, and we are prone to exaggerate the faults of metal. No wooden vessel could possibly have remained afloat after a collision like that of the Arizona, and we are but too familiar with the stories of pumps going for days in a slowly settling ship.

From "The Uncertain Factors in Naval Conflicts." By Ira Nelson Hollis.

From Scribner's Magazine.
MRS. SCHULZ—LANDLADY.

Mrs. Schulz's boarders had soon reassembled, this time in her kitchen. Everything was in readiness for us. A row of tin basins stood in a long sink which extended under the rear windows nearly the length of the room; buckets of hot water were convenient, and at the pump at one end of the sink we could temper the water in the basins to our liking. Finally, there were cakes of soap cut from large bars, and the usual coarse towels hanging from rollers on the walls. With sleeves rolled up and our shirts wide open at the neck, we took our turns at the basins. It was interesting to

watch the faces of the mechanics emerge from the washing in frequent changes of water to their natural flesh-color, in which the features could be clearly distinguished.

The few minutes during which we had to wait before the call to supper were spent in the front room, which was the sitting-room for the boarders and answered to the lobby in the logging-camp. Two windows looked out upon the street and commanded a farther view of the factory yard and buildings. The room was heated by a cylindrical iron stove, standing near the inner wall upon a disk of zinc, that served to protect a well-worn carpet with which the floor was covered. From a square wooden table in the centre a large oil-lamp flooded the room with light and brought out in startling vividness the pink rose-buds which in monotonous identity of design streaked the walls in long, diagonal lines, broken only by an occasional chromo or a picture cut from an illustrated print. There was an abundant supply of wooden chairs, on which the men were seated, for the most part about the stove, and there was one large arm-chair on rockers, where sat Mr. Schulz with the next to the youngest child in his arms, an infant of between two and three. A girl of perhaps seven years, and a boy of nearly five, were playing together on the floor, and there was yet another child, for while we were washing in the kitchen, I had heard the fretful cry of a baby from a dark chamber opening from that room.

Two of the men were intent upon the girl who lay in her father's lap. They were rivals for her favor, and both were trying to coax her away. When she at last put out her arms to one of them, he tossed her toward the ceiling with a shout of glee at his triumph over the other man.

After supper we all re-gathered in the sitting-room. None of the men, so far as I could see, went out for the evening. Some of them read the newspapers of the day, and four had presently started a game of "High, Low,

Jack," at the table, with the result that most of the others were soon gathered about the players in excited interest, watching the varying fortunes of the game and giving vent to their feelings in boisterous outbursts.

I sat beside the fire talking to Mr. Schulz. There was inexpressible satisfaction in the feeling of *raison d'être* which one had in being a worker with a steady job once more and a decent place in which to live. A boarding-house is not a synonym for home, and yet it may stir the domestic instincts deeply in the contrasts which it offers with the homeless life of the streets. The unquestioning hospitality with which I had been accepted as a guest was in keeping with the best of my experience so far. There was no suggestion of my paying anything in advance, though I had no security to offer beyond the fact that I was regularly employed in the factory and my promise to pay promptly out of the first instalment of my wages.

Mrs. Schulz had offered me board and lodging at four dollars a week, or at four dollars and a quarter if I wished a room to myself. It was the last bargain with which I closed when I was shown the only vacant room. It opened from the passage near the head of the landing, and was perhaps seven feet by six. A single bed filled most of its area, and the rest was crowded with a chair and a small stand which supported an oil-lamp under a mirror on the wall. Some nails driven into the door and along the wall beside it served the purpose of a closet. Light and air entered by a window which opened only a foot or two from a side-wall of the next building.

Cheerless as the room was and far from clean, it had yet about it all the essentials of privacy, and at a little past eight o'clock I went to bed with almost the sense of luxury after a fortnight's experience of station-houses and cheap lodgings.

At six in the morning we were called by Mrs. Schulz, who had already been up for an hour or more preparing our breakfast, with the help of a hired girl.

The men turned out sleepy and half-dressed into the kitchen to wash themselves, and then we sat down to a breakfast of "mush," meat and potatoes, coffee and bread. The factory-bell was ringing by the time that we had finished, and there was a rush to get within the gate before the last taps marked the advent of seven o'clock.

Mr. Schulz and she were devout Catholics, only I could but admire her devotion the more. It seemed to me to be put to so crucial a test. With but a raw Swedish girl to help her, she had the care of her five children, besides all the cooking and other house-work for a dozen boarders, whose meals must be served on the minute. I am sure that I never saw her lose her temper, and I think that I never heard her complain, which is the greater wonder when one takes into account the fact that she was the sole bread-winner of the family. Mr. Schulz had had a job as a night-watchman, but had lost it, and was now looking for work—not too conscientiously, I fear, for he impressed me as a weak man who found his wife's support a welcome escape from a personal struggle for existence. He had, at least, the negative virtue of sobriety, and the positive one of loyalty to church duty, and in the house he perhaps could not have served his wife to better purpose than by taking care of the children as he did. He was certainly very proud of Mrs. Schulz. One day he confided to me the fact that she was a cook when he married her, and that in her day she had served in some of the palaces on Michigan Avenue. Such an experience explained the admirable cooking of the simple fare which she gave us, and the homelike management of her house; and her knowledge and skill in these domestic matters bore no small relation, I thought, to the spirit of contentment among the men, which held them to their quiet evenings in her sitting-room against the allurements of the town.

Her sheer physical endurance was a marvel. It was the unflinching cour-

age of a brave soul, for she had little strength besides. Very tall and slight, emaciated almost to gauntness, she had a long, thin face with sunken cheeks and a dark complexion and jet-black hair, and round, soft, innocent eyes, which, matched with her indomitable spirit, were eloquent of the love which is "comrade to the lesser faith that sees the course of human things," and seeing, finds life worth living and is willing to endure.

The absence of self-consciousness from the members of this household lent a peculiar attractiveness to the life there. There was nothing morbid in their attitude to themselves nor in their relation to one another. Life was so obviously their master, and they so implicitly obedient to its control. You could lose in a measure the thought of self-directed effort to be something or do something, in the sense that you got of nearness to the spontaneity of primal forces. Mrs. Schulz, for example, never impressed one as trying to exercise a certain influence in obedience to a volition formed upon a preconceived plan, but rather as being what she was as the expression of a life within and exercising an influence which was dominant by reason of its native virtue. And the men were never awkward and constrained in their courteous manner toward her, as they would have been had this been prompted by a sense of formal politeness, instead of being, as it was, their spontaneous tribute to her gentle ladyhood.

One wondered at first how such serenity would weather the storms. And when they came, the wonder grew at the further naturalness which they revealed.

Monday mornings were apt to be prolific of bad weather. The long, monotonous week loomed before us, and our nerves were unstrung with the violent reaction bred of over-indulgence in the freedom of a holiday. Our tempers, as a result, were all out of tune, and there was no merging of individuality in the harmony of a home. One was reminded of the discordant harping, each

on its own string, of all the instruments of an orchestra before they blend melodiously in the accord of the overture. The hired girl, awkward and ungainly and dense, had neglected the mush and let it burn, and now with stupid vacancy in her dull eyes she moved about more in the way than of any service. The children, half-dressed in their pitiful, soiled garments, were sprawling underfoot, quarrelling among themselves and whimpering in their appeals for their mother's intervention. Mrs. Schulz, at her wits' end to get breakfast ready promptly, was bending over a stove whose fire smouldered and smoked and would not burn briskly in the raw east wind which was blowing down the chimney, and at the same time there grated on her ears the walls of the children and the ill-tempered complaints of the men and the stupid questions of the hired girl, and all the while her nerves were throbbing to the dull agony of a toothache. The men, roused from insufficient sleep, were crowding into the over-crowded kitchen, hectoring one another for their slowness at the basins; one loud in his complaint over the loss of some article of dress, another insistent in his demand for a turn at the mirror, and all of them perilously near the verge of a violent outbreak. There was much swearing of a very sincere kind and much plain speaking of personal views without circumlocution or reservation, but in the end the storm would spend its fury and pass. And the marvel of it was in the completeness of the clearing. The unrestrained vent of ill-temper would be followed by no harboring of malice. It was as though the men, who had freed themselves of a load of ill-feeling, were prepared to continue unhampered in the ease of agreeable association. The secret of it lay, I presume, in the absence of malignant antagonisms. The distempers were merely the results of the common attrition of life. At bottom these hard-working, self-respecting persons respected and liked one another, and in the intimacy of the crowded tenement

they lived in relative comfort on no other possible terms than those of common liking and respect.

The factory itself further illustrated the periodic unevenness of temper. Not that they were strictly periodic in the home. Mondays were apt to witness them, but there was no normal regularity in their occurrence, for they might crop out at any time. But Monday mornings in the factory were almost fatally sure of their emergence. You could not escape the feeling of unwanted disturbance both in the humor of the men and in the progress of their work. But nothing could have been more potent in coaxing them again into an accordant frame of mind than the routine of factory labor. The very doing of what had become to them a second nature, by a quickness of hand which itself was a mark of mastery, seemed to win them back to cheerful acceptance of life. I have often seen the men at the boarding-house leave the breakfast-table in moods that "varied mostly for the worse," and return to it at noon in high spirits that were finely attune.

From "The Workers—The West. IV. A Factory Hand." By Walter A. Wyckoff.

From The Review of Reviews.
SPAIN AND THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

For over thirty years this Micronesian mission had prospered, island after island having been visited and Christian teachers introduced and welcomed by the native people. No one, either American or native, had seen any sign or had the remotest thought that any European nation claimed sovereignty over these groups. It was doubtless known in general that Spain, on account of early discovery, claimed ownership, but only at the extreme western end of the Carolines, at Yap and Pelew, was there any visible token of such claim. There were no Spaniards on the islands and no Spanish vessels in the waters. The natives were absolutely independent, and their chiefs were not even asked to rec-

ognize any authority outside of their islands.

It was in this open field that the American missionaries wrought without let or hindrance. At the first they found the natives not willing to receive them; they were savages, nearly or quite naked. The Caroline Islanders were elaborately tattooed, but their clothing was of the slightest. The characteristics varied somewhat on the different islands, but on most of them the people were savage and warlike. While not noted for cannibalism, it is said that on some islands there was probably not an adult male who had not tasted human flesh. There was no marriage rite known, and in the early days missionary work was prosecuted with no little peril to life. But year by year ground was gained.

In 1888 more than thirty different islands had been occupied by native Christian teachers trained under the American missionaries, and on many of these islands no heathenism was to be found. The story of one of these islands lying within the Caroline group may be cited as a specimen. Pingelap is a coral island, east of Ponape, with about one thousand inhabitants, who in 1871 were wild and rude savages, almost naked and living in abject heathenism. Native Christian teachers were sent them from Ponape, who on arrival were rebuffed, the king and his chiefs compelling them to return. But, singularly, six natives of Pingelap, who had drifted to Ponape, came under the influence of the missionaries and became Christians, and after a time returned to their own island, where they experienced at first most violent opposition. But subsequently a great change came over the spirit of the people, and the message of these Christians was welcomed and a marvelous transformation followed. A church was built, cloth was bought of passing traders, and the people were soon decently clothed. "Morning and evening, as well as on the Sabbath, nearly the entire population assembled to hear the Gospel. Liquor and tobacco were banished from the island,

and the Ten Commandments became a code of laws." Doctor Wetmore, a physician of Honolulu, who visited Pingelap in 1886, wrote in enthusiastic terms of the island and its inhabitants: "The change effected here in less than fourteen years by Thomas, helped by Manassa and Tepit in the earlier labors, after strenuous exertions had been put forth to prevent 'the coming of the missionary God,' is perfectly marvellous. Their church is almost large enough to seat one thousand people, the entire population of the island." Doctor Wetmore describes at length the material prosperity of the place, which was in striking contrast with its condition when first visited. Similar reports could be made of other islands on which, as on Pingelap, no American missionary had resided, but where native preachers trained in mission schools had been prepared for this service.

In 1888 there were in the Micronesian mission forty-seven churches with 4,500 members, fifteen native pastors, and a total of forty-four native Christian laborers, including Hawaiians. Five languages had been reduced to writing and school-books prepared and printed in them all.

Such was the condition of the islands and the American missionary work therein when, in 1887, the good work was interrupted by the enforcement on the part of Spain of her claim to sovereignty. The question of territorial rights had been in dispute for some time between European powers, and without any knowledge or consent on the part of the Micronesians or of those who have been laboring successfully for the uplifting of the islands, the matter was referred for arbitration to the pope, who by a decision dated October 22, 1885, gave the Marshall Islands to Germany and the Carolines to Spain, while England was allowed to take possession of the Gilbert group. It was a year and a half after this, however, before Spain actually assumed authority. On March 14, 1887, a Spanish man-of-war, having on board a governor, six Roman Catholic

priests, fifty soldiers and twenty-five convicts, arrived at the island of Ponape and demanded submission on the part of the natives.

How stands the case after ten years of Spanish rule—or misrule? While it is by no means true that the whole work of the American mission has come to naught, it has been most sadly broken up. It is known that some of the churches on the island are holding their own; that under native preachers they are seeking to stem the tide of evil that has come in through the presence of a licentious Spanish soldiery. But they are working against odds and pray for deliverance from the demoralizing influence brought in by their would-be rulers. After years of delay the Spanish government has paid an indemnity of \$17,500 for mission property destroyed, but it can never pay for the wrong it has wrought in the character and lives of the people.

Lest any one should suspect that the testimony here presented concerning the value of missionary work has been prejudiced because coming from those connected with the work, it may be well to refer here to the testimony of one who has no connection and, so far as is known, no sympathy with missionary operations. Doctor Irmer, the German Governor-General (*Landeshauptmann*) of the Marshall Islands, sent in 1896 to his government in Berlin a report of a visit made by him at Kusale, and the testimony he gives to the excellence of the mission work of the American board in that section of the Caroline Islands is as emphatic as it is unprejudiced.

While no complaint is made of the rule of Germany in the Marshalls or of Great Britain in the Gilberts, it is simply truth to say that the presence of the Spaniards in the Carolines has been only a curse. They have accomplished no good work; they have hindered the good that others were doing. The Christians of America have wrought most effectually for the uplifting of these islands, and if not politi-

cally, yet in the best of all senses, the sovereignty of the Carolines belongs to them.

From "Spain and the Caroline Islands." By E. Strong, D.D.

From The Bookman.

YELLOW JOURNALS AND SOME OTHERS.

The sensational newspapers are not the only sinners that we find in the sphere of American journalism to-day, nor in their sins are they sinful above all others. From the standpoint of journalistic ethics and traditions one or two of the high-class papers have been quite as reprehensible in their own way. For these ethics and these traditions demand that the news shall be honestly and accurately given, without exaggeration on the one hand and without diminution on the other hand, and that the truth shall not be overstated nor yet understated, for neither of these things comports with honorable journalism. But just as the sensational papers have, in recording the incidents of this war, reported many things that were not so, several of the high-class journals have suppressed both incidents and occurrences about whose truth there was no question. In other words, the high and mighty editors, who always speak of journalism with inverted commas and a derisive sneer, have edited their own news columns and have given to their news the particular coloring that suited their own conception of what the news should be—in other words, they have garbled their facts as shamelessly and as inexcusably as have the yellowest of their contemporaries, and in so doing they have been false to their profession and dishonest toward their readers. And this has had some practical results. For instance, the journalist of this type who was bitterly opposed to any war at all has tried to make it appear that the war was not to be, and he has suppressed or doctored the reports that came to him from Washington in accordance with his editorial views. In this way he had conceivably

misled those of his readers who were relying upon his professions of honesty to give them accurate information of what was likely to occur; and they may conceivably have been led to plan their large investments or their business ventures in accordance with the garbled statements which they read in the columns of their favorite sheet. It is this type of editor also who has sometimes supplemented the *suppressio veri* with the *suggestio falsi*. Because he did not like the war, he would not hesitate to belittle and degrade the character and the achievements of his country's representatives, to suggest that the members of the Court of Inquiry which investigated the sinking of the "Maine" had possibly rendered a dishonest verdict in their purpose of shielding a fellow-officer, to sneer at the capacity and the organization of our naval and military forces, and to receive the tidings of even so splendid a victory as that which was won in Manila Bay with the cold-blooded and grudging comment that Commodore Dewey had done only what had been expected of him! In pure meanness and exaggerated egotism one can find no parallel whatever to this conduct even in the very yellowest of the yellow journals.

From "About the War." By Harry Thurston Peck.

From The Cosmopolitan.

LIQUID AIR.

Liquid air is simply air such as we breathe, from which most of the heat, originally derived from the sun, has been extracted. This I am now able to effect very easily and cheaply, by mechanical means which will be explained later. As a result, some fifteen minutes after the process is started, a clear, frosty-looking liquid begins to pour down from a tube about an inch in diameter, and speedily fills the receptacle placed beneath to receive it. This rate of production can be maintained all day if desired. Each cubic foot of liquid represents nearly eight

hundred cubic feet of ordinary air, and in its expansion as it returns to its gaseous state lies a power of the highest efficiency, easy to control, ready to be harnessed and utilized. Its temperature, as already stated, is about three hundred and twelve degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

If a tumbler be filled with the liquid it boils vigorously, absorbing a portion of the heat around it, and at the end of half an hour has completely disappeared, indistinguishably mingled with the air around us, from which it differs only in its greater purity. The tumbler, meanwhile, has become thickly coated with frost. If, however, the liquid be placed in a glass bulb, set inside a larger bulb, with a half-inch space between the two from which the air has been exhausted, it is so protected by this vacuum jacket that it vaporizes very slowly, lasting for a number of hours.

In this more quiet state it has the appearance of pure water, except that it shows a pale-blue tint, which intensifies as the evaporation proceeds. There are, in fact, two entirely distinct fluids present—liquefied nitrogen and liquefied oxygen. It is to the latter that the blue tint is due, nitrogen being absolutely limpid.

For transportation—thus far only for experimental use—I place the liquid in a large tin can, or cylinder, holding from three to six gallons. This I wrap with a layer of felt, and for protection against rough usage, set it inside a slightly larger can of the same sort. Over the top I lay a thick cushion of hair-felt, which keeps out heat without preventing free escape of the expanding gases. With this simple arrangement I have kept the liquid for thirty-six hours, and have shipped it from New York to Washington and to Boston. There is no difficulty nor danger in handling it, provided reasonable precaution is used and the gases are not confined. It can be dipped up with a tin cup and poured into almost any sort of dish, like so much water. If you chance to drop the dipper, however, it will shatter like thin glassware.

It is a curious fact that this intensity of cold makes iron and steel extremely brittle, while it increases their tensile strength. This condition is only temporary, of course. Copper, gold, silver, aluminum, platinum and most other metals are not so affected. Neither is leather—luckily, for its use in valves, where it is exposed to great cold, is important; but rubber becomes as friable as so much terra-cotta.

I will now give a brief description of a few of the most interesting of the experiments illustrating the qualities of this extraordinary fluid.

First, I pour a quantity into a basin. Thrust your hand into it. No, I am not joking. You can touch it with perfect impunity, provided you withdraw your hand instantly; you will only experience a slight sensation of coolness. In precisely the same way, you might plunge your finger for a fraction of a second into a pot of molten metal without harm, provided the finger were moist. In both cases the reason is the same: a thin cushion of vapor is formed next the flesh, which for a moment encases and protects it like a glove—only here the vapor is air, and the heat that liberates it comes from your finger! But don't be too deliberate in your movements, for a pause would mean a frost-bite at least. I have received some severe "burns" in consequence of treating liquefied air with undue familiarity, and such injuries heal very slowly.

You will observe that your hand remains perfectly dry; the liquid does not adhere to it. This is as fortunate as it is unexpected—for if it wet your flesh as water does, the slightest contact would be disastrous. If I throw a small portion upon your coat sleeve, the cloth is not moistened, but is so chilled that it becomes white with frost. An oyster dipped for a moment in a bowl of the liquid becomes as cold as if it had remained in a refrigerator for hours. This makes a very pretty dinner-table experiment; but if you leave the toothsome morsel immersed too long, it becomes as hard as the shell from which it was extracted.

Raw beefsteak may be frozen until it rings, when struck, like a piece of bell-metal. While in this condition, it may be broken into fragments with a hammer and pounded into powder. Butter, similarly treated, may be reduced to a fine, dry dust; fruit and eggs may be pulverized in the same manner.

But these are substances that may be frozen, though not to the same brittle hardness, by the ordinary cold of winter. Let us now try something more refractory. Mercury remains liquid at all familiar temperatures, but solidifies at about forty degrees below zero. I place half a pint of it in a paper mold, and pour over the surface a quantity of liquefied air. The "quicksilver," forfeiting all claim to its name, is soon frozen into a rigid bar, resembling a block of tin, but so cold that it would almost blister your flesh to touch it. In each end of the mold was inserted a large screw-eye, and both these are now firmly fixed in the hardened metal. To one of these eyes I attach a cord, and suspend the bar like a plummet; to the other eye I fasten a weight of, say, fifty pounds. Fifteen or twenty minutes will elapse before the mass is sufficiently thawed to allow the weight to pull out one of the screw-eyes, when it falls to the floor with a sudden crash; it will be fully half an hour before the metal is completely melted.

From "Liquid Air—The Newest Wonder of Science." By Charles E. Tripler.

and volitional, of its students; at the same time imparting to them such a connected view of the world of nature and spirit, and of their own place, task and destiny therein, as shall send them out into that world ready to undertake the business of life with robust courage and steady, rational aim. The "elective system" of studies, which has recently been introduced into some of our colleges, must, I think, be regarded as an almost unqualified evil from the point of view of spiritual culture. It is a tacit admission, on the part of the authorities of such colleges, that they have no clear ideal of culture, and that they, therefore, think it best to leave their students to grope about in a staked-off chaos as best they can. The result is that "marks" usually replace culture, as the aim of study. Incidentally it may be remarked that this lamentable state of things is mainly due to two causes, besides the want of an ideal of culture: (1) the fact that it seems impossible for our college faculties ever to distinguish between culture—which is the sole aim of a college—and erudition and professional training, which form the aim of a university; and (2) the further fact that in recent years it has become customary to appoint as college presidents, not profound scholars nor men of wide, generous culture, devoted to lofty human ideals, but shrewd business men, who care more to turn their charges into "big concerns," with a large "plant" and a large business, than to do good work in their proper sphere. Women's colleges, which ought never to have existed, and, but for the ungenerosity and narrowness of men's colleges, probably never would have existed, are apparently, in the main, exempt from this evil.

From "The Ideal Training of the American Girl." By Prof. Thomas Davidson.

From The Forum.
THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM AN EVIL.

College life is the transition from school life to practical life, having, in common with the former, culture for its aim; in common with the latter, personal freedom. This freedom, however, ought not to extend, save in a very slight degree, to the choice of studies. Every college ought to have a fixed curriculum, carefully and systematically arranged with reference to a clear and lofty ethical ideal, and with a view to developing, in a harmonious way, all the faculties, intellectual, affectional

From McClure's Magazine.
LIFE IN MANILA.

Though but a foot above high water, Manila is no small village, and contains some three hundred thousand

souls. Of these, call fifty thousand Chinese, five thousand Europeans, one hundred English and three Americans.

The city proper is the walled town of old, stretching up the right bank of the river as you enter, and along the bay front to the south; and with its moats, its drawbridges and heavy gates, it suggests a troubled past. It may be a mile square, and the narrow streets and heavily buttressed houses within are gloomy in the extreme. Upon the mile of walls that from the river run south behind the shore-road promenade, are the batteries that cover the bay and river, and some half-dozen Krupp guns raise the tone of a motley lot of old muzzle-loaders as they look over the parapet, rising from the weed-grown moat, at either end of the fortifications.

Over opposite, on the left bank, lies the commercial town and the Chinese quarter, while further up the river, beyond the crowded Puerta d'Espania, come the private residences and the governor's palace. Each church seems to localize a small district of its own; and while the old city only is spoken of as Manila, some of the surrounding sections suffer under such names as Pandacan, Binondo, Mandeloen, Malate and Nagtajan. Out of respect to earthquakes, the houses are low built and without glass windows. Thin sea-shells set into lattice frames serve for glass, and the whole side of a house generally slides open in these frame sections. Cloth, not plaster, covers the walls and ceilings, since, in times of earthquake, it seems to mind its own business better than the plaster, which would at once throw itself on the neck of the baby or into the midday meal. Gas pipes aren't allowed, and the water mains, which bring in the city's supply from up river, run along over the ground on smooth cross-ties. For earthquakes are so epidemic that a small shake will make the old residents, who saw the city fall to pieces back in the eighties, turn pale, and either run for the street or get under the door-jams.

Almost as famous as the earthquakes

are the typhoons, which are born away down to the southeast of the Philippines, and come slowly swirling up the back coast till they find a break in the mountains, and cross into the China Sea, as a rule, about eighty miles north of the capital. A medium blow will capsize three thousand houses, and other people than my friend the Englishman have gone home from business, after a sudden cyclone, to find only their upright piano on the spot where their light-built house stood—the balance of things having been hastened on to the next town.

And in the line of epidemics, below typhoons and earthquakes, come house-snakes, which live up in the rafters of some of the older structures and chase rats in the small hours. These reptiles, though big, are harmless, and rarely show themselves. They are good, though noisy, rat-catchers; but since they must needs eat all they catch, their efficiency is limited to their length of stomach, and one night of energetic campaign is generally followed by several days of rest, during which the snake sees if he has bitten off more than he can chew. It is hardly to be wondered at that native cats are modestly retiring, when you awake at dead of night to hear your shoes being dragged off across the floor, by some huge, rice-fed rodent.

In Manila there are three seasons, the cool, the hot-dry and the wet. From November to March the afternoons are fresh and the nights cold. From March till June are the stifling days of perpetual heat. But as June gets under way, the thunder storms begin, and, later on, they gradually merge into the rainy season of July to October—those months when boats are at a premium for street service and typhoon signals are always hoisted.

For all this, the climate of the islands is healthy, and smallpox is their worst scourge. Yellow fever is unknown, though malaria and typhoid are somewhat more common.

From "An American in Manila." By Joseph Earle Stevens.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

"If Claudio Jacquand wishes to know where the little telegraphist, to whom he wishes to give his name, goes every day between five and six after leaving the office, let him stand out of observation under a porch and watch the door of the Central. The writer can guarantee that he shall be satisfied."

In the elegant ground-floor flat which he shared with his father in the Rue Cambon during the session, Claudio stood staring out of the window of his dressing-room crumpling this anonymous letter up in his hand. Ever since the ball at the Foreign Office and his meeting with Dina, he had, from time to time, received anonymous letters like this, scribbled in a half-legible hand along the tops of newspapers and fashion journals, bill-heads, and any odd scraps of paper. But, for some reason or other which he could not understand, none of them had excited him so intensely as this one. He straightened it out and read it over again, saying out loud every now and then in broken sentences between the lines:—

"No, I won't play the spy on her, I won't go and hide myself in any porches. I will just go straight to the Central Office and ask for Mam'selle Eudeline, and I will tell her—yes, my God, how shall I tell her? Yes, I must tell her that, after hours of torture, of madness, there has come to me one fatal thought, wrecking my dream of happiness, the thought that I am not strong enough to do what is needed to realize it—that I cannot quarrel forever with my father, that I cannot banish myself from the world he has trained me to live in. For the sake of her happiness and mine, I must ask her to give me back my promise. Yes, that is what I must do."

This determination once taken, Claudio felt himself freer in mind and standing more firmly on his long legs, and he started dressing to go out with renewed vigor. The poor fellow for-

got the countless other decisions that he had come to during the last forty-eight hours, and how he had cast them all away from him with just as much enthusiasm.

When he found himself alone on the Quai d'Orsay he began to think the matter over again. He saw more clearly the consequences in which the rupture would involve him. Where would he find the courage to face this terrible father of his, with his bitter laugh and his terrible irony—for Tony, as he was called among his familiars, was one of those men who would never get into a passion. He was an old *roué* who had killed his wife with sorrow, and who had reached his seventy years without a single illness except the rheumatism which he had caught at the inauguration of a statue at Lyons, and which had kept him there for the last fortnight. Claudio was expecting him every minute in the Rue Cambon, and, on the whole, he preferred to face the anger and contempt of Dina rather than the cold-blooded vengeance of his father.

In accordance with the minute information which he had received from her, he presented himself at the office about eleven, just as Mam'selle Eudeline had put on her working blouse and seated herself before the instrument. He had prepared all his speeches carefully beforehand, for he was afraid to trust his emotion when he found himself with her. There was, however, one thing which reassured him. He quite expected that the working dress of the little telegraphist would be so different from the costume of the Watteau shepherdess that it could hardly fail so far to disenchant him that his task would be somewhat easier. As it happened, it was exactly the opposite that came to pass.

When Dina came out on to the landing in her long, black blouse, which made her figure look rather larger and more mature, her face even more delicate and childlike, her complexion more rosy and her heavy hair yet

more delicately golden, Claudio stood and stared at her, astounded, vainly seeking either ideas or words. Never had he seen such a vision of grace and youth. Beside it, beside the real Dina, the shepherdess of the other night only seemed a painted doll. He took hold of the balustrade to steady himself, and while he was standing there looking at her, she said to him sweetly and calmly:—

“I was sure I should see you to-day; I prayed so hard to Notre Dame de Fourvières, and I wasn’t a bit surprised when they came to tell me that you were here.”

Leaning against the balustrade quite close to him, and utterly indifferent to the people who were going constantly up and down the big staircase, she told him all about the strange fancy of Wilkie Marques and the proposal with which she was threatened. Raymond himself had told her nothing about it. It had all come through her mother.

“But you must understand, my dear Claudio, that I have not said a word about your intentions, because I knew that you wanted to tell your father first. I have done this because you wanted me to, but it has been rather a trial to me, for M. Wilkie is very eager to get my answer, and my mother keeps pressing me to give it.”

“But are you in love with this Wilkie? Do you even know him?” asked Claudio, whose southern pallor was all of a sudden suffused by a jealous flush.

Dina’s reply was lit up by a merry smile. In love with this little fellow! What an idea! Only he was her brother’s oldest and best friend, and of course she couldn’t help feeling a little flattered at his proposal, all the more so as he intended to make it in the regular way through her mother.

When Claudio answered, he was so agitated that his long gloved hands touching the balustrade shook it perceptibly as he said:—

“This fellow is always doing something in the dark. He is more of an imp than a man, and his character is as rotten as it can be. He boasts of it

himself. What does he want you for? I should like to know what there is under this offer of marriage. I’ll find it out; but I am certain now that he is hatching some wickedness or other.”

Then, still calm and smiling, she looked up at him and asked:—

“Well, then, what shall I say to him?”

Ah! that was the question, and he himself had no notion how it was to be answered. He felt himself seized with a sudden desire to take her just as she was, to take this little dainty jewel of a girl, half woman, half fairy, up in his arms, and carry her off like a thief. That was his one thought just now, and it was exactly the same that he had had the first time he saw her. It was an almost irresistible impulse, a madness alike of spirit and flesh. But how was he to explain this in conventional words and on a public staircase like that? Then again, he was a poor hand at expressing his thoughts, though it is true that words count for little where there is true passion.

As it was, he didn’t say a word of all the speeches which he had prepared. He even forgot all about the anonymous letter. Having come to ask for his promise back again, he ended by engaging himself with her ten times more deeply. As for his father, he would go and send him a long telegram explaining everything, and, although the reply would make no difference to his feelings, he would bring it to her at once.

“Oh, no, not here; that would never do!” she said quickly. “Why, if I were to see you here two days running, everybody would be talking about it. They’re such gossips here, you know. For instance, just now one of the superintendents went by, and from the way he looked at those light gloves of yours, I know that the whole office will be talking about them.”

“Well, but I could wait for you when you come out.”

“Oh, no, that would be worse still! No, give the reply to the door-keeper; if you tell him, he will bring it up to

the dressing-room, and it will be put in my bag."

As hour after hour went by without bringing the reply, the poor girl's misery increased, and at last she was almost in despair, in spite of her trust in *Notre Dame de Fourvières*. At length, when she went out for the last interval before the end of work, she felt the rustle of an envelope under the stuff of her little bag. But there were plenty of prying eyes about, and all she could do was to take the letter out and slip it into her pocket and keep it there with what patience she could until work was over.

At last, however, came the welcome whirring of the bell which announced the change of watch. Then came the hurried dressing, and the stream of hats and mantles and rustling skirts flowing down the staircase, meeting another up-coming one composed of the relief. As usual, Dina, slighter and more active than the rest, escaped from the crowd and got out first. There were some houses being built near, and she dived into the solitude of the unmade street, and there, after one or two anxious glances about her, she took the letter out of her pocket, opened it with trembling hands and read:—

"My father has not replied, and he has not come back. I am afraid he never will. I have learned that he is very ill with congestion of the lungs, which at his age leaves no hope of recovery. I am leaving at once, my heart full of him and you, and I hope to be in Lyons before morning in time to embrace him. I would that I could tell him that I love you, and that you are my betrothed before God. Last night they did not read the despatch in which I told him of my love and our engagement sworn on the holy image of *Fourvières*. The news would have agitated him and made him worse, and so I cannot be sorry that he knows nothing about it. But would you believe that in that wandering, darkened mind of his ambition still survives

alone? During his delirium he spoke of nothing but the *Valfons* and the *Ministry of Marine*. This hope will be with him to the end, and you will understand that I could not rob him of it. Pray for my poor old father, as well as for him who signs himself,

"Your faithful and devoted,

"Claudius Jacquand."

Dina read and reread the letter and then, rolling it up and pushing it inside her glove into the hollow of her warm little hand, she sighed, "Ah yes! I will pray for your father, my poor friend, and for you too." Then, pulling down her veil, she walked with quick, firm steps to *Saint-Sulpice*, her favorite church, where she was wont to find rest and peace for a few minutes after the bustle and rush of the office and the noise of the streets.

"Let him conceal himself under a porch and watch her coming."

"If Claudius Jacquand wishes to know where the little telegraphist to whom he wishes to give his name goes every day between five and six, after leaving the office, let him stand out of observation under a porch and watch the door of the Central. The writer can guarantee that he will be satisfied."

How many times had not the unhappy lover promised himself that he would give up ambushes and espionage, these devices which were so unworthy of his great love! And yet, there he was, dogging Dina's footsteps at a respectful distance along the *Rue de Grenelle*. Had he, then, lied to her about his father's illness and the journey to Lyons? No, that was all absolutely true. But even stronger than his filial anxiety was the jealous suspicion which had seized him as he was taking his reply to the office. The idea that Dina would come out in an hour, that perhaps someone might be waiting for her! The very thought turned into fire the vile poison which for the last two days had been working in his veins. It was two hours still before the train started for Lyons. At least he would go away with some sort of

knowledge, and not carry this horrible, torturing doubt to his father's death-bed.

With quick steps, her head erect under her little blue umbrella, shining alternately with sunshine and rain, Dina, looking straight in front of her, walked on towards her destination. Two or three times Jacquand's long strides had taken him involuntarily almost up to her. He stopped and turned across the road and began looking into the window of one of the image shops with which this quarter abounds. A minute or two later, when he looked round, the pretty little figure had vanished. He was then about the middle of the Rue Saint-Sulpice and the fancy took him to go into the church. Perhaps, after all, it might be that she had gone there. Possessed of this idea, he went to one of the wicket doors, pushed it open and entered. The next moment the spectacle upon which he was gazing caused him to forget even the motive which had brought him there.

The whole of the vast church, from the choir, glittering with gold and lights, down through the vast nave, was bathed in an astral whiteness reflected from muslin dresses and white veils and surplices. The light of the candles, the smell of the incense, the rolling of the organ and the sweet notes of youthful voices intoxicated him for the time being. During the whole of that day the ceremony of the First Communion had been going on, and these white forms were those of the communicants who were taking there first vows. The organ and the childish voices continued their delicious and mysterious chorus. Gradually the charm wore off Claudio, and he began to look about him. Then suddenly he perceived among other kneeling forms the dainty little figure that he had been seeking. Dina, yes, it was Dina, and as he stood and watched her kneeling there, praying and weeping, he remembered that his farewell request had been that she would pray for his dying father and himself.

It was here that she had come so

straight and so quickly while he, filled with his hideous and unworthy suspicions, was following her. Well, he could go now, and her image, shining and pure, should go with him in his heart, a sacred charm against all the powers of evil which sought to separate them.

From "The Head of the Family." By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Levin Caranac. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

THACKERAY AND "PENDENNIS."

There is a delightful criticism of "Pendennis" in Edward Fitzgerald's letters. "I have seen Thackeray three or four times: he is just the same. . . . I like 'Pendennis' much, and Alfred said he thought it quite delicious: it seemed to him so mature, he said. You can imagine Alfred saying this over the fire, spreading his great hand out." But Mr. Fitzgerald changed his mind after a time, and said it was very stupid, and advised my father to give it up.

My father was not satisfied either, as one can see from many passages in the Brookfield correspondence. But he was not one of those people who give up what they have once undertaken to do, and he stuck to his book for better or for worse, in health and in sickness, and produced that one of his novels which, according to many critics, contains not the best story, perhaps, but some of his most true and delightful writing. To myself and to many of my own generation it has always seemed as if there was a special music in "Pendennis," and the best wisdom of a strong heart beating under its yellow waistcoat.

In 1849, while my father was still writing "Pendennis," he went over to Paris to see his aunt, Mrs. Halliday, who was dying. Mrs. Ritchie, his other aunt, was also living there with her daughters. My father had been writing from Brighton just before, on the 18th July, 1849, to his mother in Wales. "I have been at work to very little purpose," he says. . . . "I suppose the mind requires torpor; at any rate, my

brains have almost refused to work the last few days, but are beginning now at last to get into play.

"This is written in Mr. Inspector Brookfield's company," he goes on to say, "in the Brighton National school-rooms, with a score of little and three-quarter grown people writing examination papers round about. He has been for a fortnight's cruise, was very uncomfortable, and the skin of his nose came off ever so many times. What do men go cruising for? But he seems healthier for it, and so am I for Brighton. I must go up to town on Saturday to do my plates, and then to finish my number somehow or other, which isn't nearly done. I wonder, could I do two next month? If I could, I'd be off for September somewhere, but that is too great a piece of luck to hope for."

It was an unhealthy season; cholera was about everywhere; the weather was close and exhausting. My father came back to London still low and out of spirits. He sickened and fell dangerously ill. We were away, and did not know of his illness until the danger was abating. My grandparents set off in a carriage, driving across country, and taking us with them. At Monmouth, I remember, when we were driving through the town, the bells were tolling, and the people, dressed in black, were streaming into the churches. It was a day of prayer and solemn humiliation, which had been appointed for the cholera. At Gloucester that night my grandmother left us and started off ahead. I think just after she left us better accounts came in.

We travelled to Kensington with our grandfather next day.

How thin and changed, with what great eyes my father looked at us when we reached home and were allowed to go up to his room to see him in his bed. But before long he began to recover, and very soon he was able to get a change and go away to Brighton. I still have some of the pencil-scrapes he wrote then. They say that he is comfortable and very weak, and then that he is stronger, and eating and reviving

under the care of his favorite physician.

The following letter to Dr. Elliotson tells the rest of the story. Dr. Thackeray was not the only friend who would not take a fee.

13 Young Street. November 4th.

My Dear Doctor.—Next month (D.V) sees the completion of my story of "Pendennis," which would never, most likely, have been brought to a conclusion but for your skill and kindness to me this time last year.

May I dedicate the book to you? It is but a compliment in return for a life saved; but I have no more than work and affectionate gratitude to offer, and I hope you won't refuse them from

Yours ever faithfully,
(Signed) W. M. Thackeray.

"Pendennis" was finished in 1850. "Having completed my story this day," he writes to his mother, "and wrote *Finis*, I am very tired, weary and solemn-minded. So I say, God bless my dearest mother and G. P. ere I try to go and get some sleep. . . . I've been in bed for the best part of two days since I wrote this, and asleep the greater part of the time. I was much done up, had a small fever, boiled myself in a warm bath, went without dinner, slept fifteen hours, and am now as brisk as a bee and as fresh as a daisy. I wanted very much to come with the young ones to Paris for Christmas, but don't know whether we shall be able to make it out just at that season, in consequence of the death of my poor aunt, Mrs. F. Thackeray. Her children being left without a home now, I could not but offer them one for the holidays, and I don't know yet whether they'll come or no. I have a letter from young Edward¹ this morning, telling me when his holidays are, and asking when he shall come up about his cadetship. The oldest boy² is a very clever, hard-reading lad, and is likely to get King's, a hard matter nowadays, when he'll do well. But if we don't come at Christmas we'll

¹ Colonel Sir Edward Thackeray, V. C., K.C.B.

² Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, Vicar of Maple-durham.

come a little later. I won't begin any new work without having a little time with you. . . . I've got a better subject for a novel than any I've had yet." This novel must have been "Esmond."

Mr. Herman Merivale has pointed out that "Pendennis" is the most cheerful of all my father's novels. "Vanity Fair" is grim, the "Newcomes" sad. "Pendennis" may have flagged at one time from adverse circumstances, but the book begins in good spirits and ends happily and in good spirits. Even Altamont, who was to have been so severely punished, is let off at the critical moment, and is saved by clinging to a water-pipe—the last thing, indeed, to which Colonel Altamont might have been expected to cling.

Helen dies, it is true, but she passes away in her son's arms with a blessing on her lips, and what happier fate could any Helen hope for?

I can remember the morning Helen died. My father was in his study in Young Street, sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterwards he came into our schoolroom, half-laughing and half-ashamed, and said to us: "I do not know what James can have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer just after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis' death."

In one of the Brookfield letters my father writes of my little sister: "M. says, Oh, papa, do make her well again; she can have a regular doctor, and be almost dead, and then will come a homeopathic doctor, who will make her well, you know."

From Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie's Introduction to the Biographical edition of "Pendennis." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers. Price \$1.50.

BLARNEY FLUFF.

The door opened, and Miss Panney entered the kitchen. La Fleur rose

from her seat, and for a moment the two elderly women stood and looked at each other.

"And this is La Fleur," said Miss Panney. "Mrs. Tolbridge has been talking about you, and I asked her to let me come in and see you. I want to speak to you for a few minutes, and I will sit down here. Don't you stand up."

La Fleur liked people to come and talk to her, provided they were the right sort of people, and came in the right way. Miss Panney's salutation pleased her: she had a respect for people who showed a proper recognition of differences of position. If Miss Panney had been brought into the kitchen by Mrs. Tolbridge, and in a manner introduced to La Fleur, the latter would have regarded her as something of an equal, and would not have respected her. Had the old lady accosted her in a supercilious manner, La Fleur would have disliked her, even if she had supposed she were a person to be respected. But Miss Panney had filled all the requirements necessary for the cook's favorable opinion. In the few words she had spoken, she had shown that she was the friend of the mistress of the house; that she had heard interesting things of the cook, and therefore wished to see her; that she knew this cook was a woman of sense, who understood what was befitting to her position, and would therefore stand when talking to a lady, and, moreover, in consequence of the fact that this cook was superior to her class, she would waive the privileges of her class, and request the cook to sit, while talking to her. To have waived this privilege without first indicating that she knew La Fleur would acknowledge her possession of it would have been damaging to Miss Panney.

Upon the features of La Fleur, which were inclined to be bulbous, there now appeared a smile, which was very different from that with which she encouraged and soothed her conscripted assistants. It was a smile that showed that she was pleasurable honored, and

it was accompanied by a slight bow and a downward glance.

Miss Panney now sat down, and La Fleur, pushing her chair a little away from the table, availed herself of the permission to do likewise.

"I have eaten some of your cooking, La Fleur," said Miss Panney, "and I liked it so much that I wished to ask you something about it. For one thing, where did you get the recipe for that delicious ice, flavored with raspberry?"

The cook smiled with a new smile—one of genuine pleasure.

"To make that ice," she said, "one must have more than a recipe: one must be educated. Tolati, my first husband, invented that ice, and no *chef* in Europe could make it but himself. But he taught me, and I make it for Doctor and Mrs. Tolbridge. It has a quality of cream, though there is no cream in it."

"I never tasted anything of the kind so good," said Miss Panney, "and I am a judge, for I have lived long and eaten meals prepared by the best cooks."

"French, perhaps," said La Fleur.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "and those of other nations. I have travelled."

"I could see that," said La Fleur, "by your appreciation of my work. French cooking is the best in the world, and if you have an English cook to do it, then there is nothing more to be desired. It is like the French china, with the English designs, which they make now. I once visited their works, and was very proud of my countrymen."

"The conceited old body," thought Miss Panney; but she said, "Very true, very true. It is delightful to me to think that my friends here have a cook who can prepare meals which are truly fit, not only to nourish the body without doing it any harm, but to gratify the most intelligent taste. I have noticed, La Fleur, that there is always something about your dishes that pleases the eye as well as the palate. When we say that cooking is thoroughly wholesome, delicious and artistic, we can say no more."

"You do me proud," said La Fleur, "and I hope, madam, that you may eat many a meal of my cooking. I want to say this, too: I could not cook for Doctor and Mrs. Tolbridge as I do, if I did not feel that they appreciate my work. I know they do, and so I am encouraged to do my best."

"Not only does the doctor appreciate you," said Miss Panney, "but his health depends upon you. He is a man who is peculiarly sensitive to bad cooking. I have known him all his life, and known him well. He was getting in a bad way, La Fleur, when you came here, and you are already making a new man of him."

"I like to hear that," said La Fleur. "I have a high opinion of Doctor Tolbridge. I know what he is and what he needs. I often sit up late at night, thinking of things that will be good for him, and which he will like. We all work here: every one of the household is industrious, but the doctor and I are the only ones who must work with our brains. The others simply work with their bodies and hands."

Miss Panney fixed her black eyes on the bulbous-faced cook.

"The word *conceit*," she thought, "is imbecile in this case."

"I am glad you are both so well able to do it," she said aloud. "And you like it here? The place suits you?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied La Fleur, "it suits me very well. It is not what I am accustomed to, but I gave that up of my own accord. Life in great houses has its advantages and its pleasures, and its ambitions, too; but I am getting on in years, and I am tired of the worry and bustle of large households. I came to this country to visit my relatives, and to rest and enjoy myself; but I soon found that I could not live without cooking. You might as well expect Doctor Tolbridge to live without reading."

"That is very true, La Fleur," said Miss Panney; "and it seems to me that you are in the very home where you can spend the rest of your days most profitably to others, and most happily to yourself. And yet I hear that you

are considering the possibility of not staying here."

"Yes," answered La Fleur, "I am considering that; but it is not because I am dissatisfied with anything here. It is altogether a different question. I am very much attached to the family I first lived with in this country. They are in trouble now, and I think they may need me. If they do, I shall go to them. I have quite settled all that in my mind. I am now waiting for an answer to a letter I have written to Mrs. Drane."

"La Fleur," said Miss Panney, "if you leave Doctor Tolbridge, I think it will be a great mistake; and, although I do not want to hurt your feelings, I feel bound to say that it will be almost a crime."

The cook's face assumed an expression of firmness.

"All that may be," she said, "but it makes no difference. If they need me, I shall go to them."

"But cannot somebody else be found to go to them? You are not as necessary there as you are here, nor so highly prized. They let you go of their own accord."

"No one else will go to them for nothing," said La Fleur, "and I shall do that."

"La Fleur," said Miss Panney, "your feelings are highly honorable to you, but you are not going about this business in the right way. I have heard of the Drane family, and know what sort of people they are. They would not have you work for them for nothing, and perhaps buy with your own money the food you cook. What should be done is to help them to help themselves. If Miss Drane wants a position as teacher, one should be got for her."

"That is out of my line," said La Fleur, shaking her head, "out of my line. I can cook for them, but I can't help them to be teachers."

"But perhaps I can, and I am going to try. To get a position as teacher for Miss Drane ought to be easy enough. To get Doctor Tolbridge a cook who

could take your place would be impossible."

La Fleur smiled. "I believe that," she said.

"Now what I do is for the sake of the doctor," continued Miss Panney. "I do not know the Dranes personally, but I have no objection to benefit them if I can. But for the sake of a friend whom I have known all his days, I wish to keep you in this kitchen. I am not afraid to say this to you, because I know you are not a person who would take advantage of the opinion in which you are held, to make demands upon the family which they could not satisfy."

"You need not say anything about that, madam," replied La Fleur. "No body can tell me anything about my work and its value which I did not know before, and as for my salary, I fixed that myself, and there shall be no change."

Miss Panney rose. "La Fleur," she said, "I am very glad I came here to talk to you. I did not suppose that I should meet with such a sensible woman, and I shall ask a favor of you: please do not take any steps in this matter without consulting me. I am going to work immediately to see what I can do for Miss Drane, and if I succeed it will be better for her and her mother than if you went to them. Don't you see that?"

"Yes," said La Fleur, "that is reasonable enough, but I must admit that I should like to see them."

Miss Panney ignored the latter remark.

"Now do not forget, La Fleur," she said, "to send me word when you get a letter, and then I may write to Miss Drane, but I shall go to work for her immediately. And now I will leave you to go on with your dinner. I shall dine here to-day, and I shall enjoy the meal so much better because I know the *chef* who prepared it."

La Fleur resumed her seat and the consideration of her "sweet."

"She is a wheeling old body," she said to herself, "but I suppose I ought

to give her something extra for that speech."

The next morning Mrs. Tolbridge came into the kitchen. "La Fleur," she said, "what is the name of the delicious dessert you gave us last night?"

The cook sighed. "She will always call the 'sweet' a dessert," she thought; and then she answered, "That was Blarney Fluff, ma'am, with sauce Irelandaise."

Mrs. Tolbridge laughed. "Whatever is its name," she said, "we all thought it was the sweetest and softest, most delightful thing of the kind we had ever tasted. Miss Panney was particularly pleased with it."

"I hoped she would be," said La Fleur.

From "The Girl at Cobhurst." By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE CANARI.

It lacked but little of the stroke of midnight. In the silver lustre near the door a single taper showed a greenish-yellow flame. On the couch where Signor Canaro had reclined that afternoon my friend Hartzheim was breathing heavily in slumber. Within, by her father's bedside, Angela, the flower of my heart, watched like a white spirit. Through all the house of the Canari there brooded a great silence.

It was my watch, and I needs must move frequently to keep awake. Now I crept in to whisper some comforting word to Angela, now I peered into the garden from the darkness of the library, watching the indistinct and ghostly movements of the boughs of the limes that were by fits breeze-tossed; now I stole into the corridor and listened. It was here that I came most frequently and tarried longest. If the sound rose which I dreaded to hear—the summons of armed men below—I must catch its first echo.

Tonio had been dismissed for the night. This had been done after a consultation between Hartzheim and my-

self. We thought it best to let it appear that the house was entirely deserted. Should the emissaries of the visconti arrive and demand admission, we decided to pay no heed to them. Possibly they might retire without forcing an entrance, and in case they did use force the presence of a servant might lead to our discovery. He might be found, and frightened or tortured into revealing something. As for ourselves, we had made no plan. Signor Canaro was not in a condition to be consulted, and we did not wish to disturb Angela, who spent her every moment by her father's side, unless occasion forced us to do so.

"There must be some place of concealment in all this huge house, whither we can retire if we find ourselves caged," Hartzheim had said, when we talked the matter over shortly after his arrival; so I had tried to put away worry from me, and to think, even if the dreaded men-at-arms of the visconti arrived, we might somehow contrive to elude them.

I had just come from a whispered word with Angela, and had left her father sleeping peacefully, the change that had taken place in him since that afternoon being a marvel to us all. His countenance had lost the death-like cast, and when he was roused, as had been directed, that the medicine might be administered, his voice was strong, his eye clear, and his hand steady. It had been decided between my betrothed and myself that should he still be slumbering when midnight struck we would waken him, for we had every confidence that he would be able to endure, at least for a considerable number of hours, the fatigues of our flight.

For several moments I stood in the doorway which opened into the corridor, waiting as eagerly as ever man waited to catch the first peal that should herald the birth of another day. Never had time seemed so leaden-footed as now. I was telling myself that the next instant my ears must surely be gladdened by the welcome sound, when there rang through the hallways and corridors of the palace, faintly at first, then louder and more loud, not the midnight chime

of bells, but the summons for admission from below.

I had fully made up my mind what I should do in case of this dreaded emergency. With a bound I sprang through the library into the room where Angela and her father were. My beloved had heard the noise and had risen to meet me.

"They have come," said I. "Rouse your father and await us here. My friend and I will go to reconnoitre. We shall soon return."

I found Hartzheim in the corridor doorway. Plucking a taper from the lustre and lighting it, I hurried as swiftly and silently as possible toward the front of the palace, my friend at my side. We were not long in gaining a room which overlooked the street, where we loosened the casement and were able, without danger of detection, to view the scene below. A great flare of torches in the hands of a dozen city watchmen illuminated the highway, which was blocked by a score of troopers, some on foot and some on horseback.

"Open!" we heard a voice shout, as the thunderous knocking ceased for an instant, "open in the name of the Lord of Milan and of Brescia!"

The man who demanded admission was Otto von Ettergarde.

We had seen enough, and we speedily retraced our steps. As we passed the head of the stairway, the noise grew more threatening, and we surmised that they had begun to batter in the doors. At the extremity of the corridor Angela and Signor Canaro were awaiting us, the latter erect and animated.

"We are surrounded," he said, "for we have just noted from the library window the light of torches in the laneway beyond the garden. We are not yet taken, however," he continued, "nor are we likely to be at once unless those noisy fellows without have sharper eyes than I give them credit for. Come: I will show you where we can conceal ourselves."

We followed Signor Canaro into the library, and watched him swing out and back a case, which was apparently built

into the wall, containing a rare collection of illuminated missals. In the opening thus revealed was a narrow door which readily yielded to the pressure of the hand, and showed a small recess from which a staircase ascended.

"The door in the apartment above is as cunningly hidden as this," said Signor Canaro. "We can remain here until they tire of searching for us, and then perhaps, even though they leave the house watched and guarded, contrive to escape."

We took care to close the doors of the rooms we had occupied, and to put everything to rights so that the apartments should not seem to have been recently in use, then we entered the recess and became for the time being voluntary prisoners. Presently we heard sounds of the search for us, the tramping of heavy feet, the murmur of voices, then these noises grew indistinct, after a space to increase again in volume. Angela and I sat midway upon the staircase, below us Signor Canaro and Hartzheim. Despite the great peril in which we were placed, those hours of waiting and anxiety were full of a deep sweetness to me. Had I not by my side, to kiss and to caress at will, the one peerless maiden from the human flower-garden of the whole world? Could I not pour into her ear pictures of our love-life when we should have escaped out of the Viper's coils, and listen in return to her words of gratitude and praise for what I had already done, and to her expressions of confidence in what I was yet to do, for her and her father?

At length all sounds without died entirely away, yet we did not deem it wise to venture forth. More than three hours must have elapsed before it was decided that a move should be made. If watchers had been set we wished to give them time to become drowsy. Slowly and noiselessly the case containing the missals was swung outward, and Hartzheim and I slipped from the recess into the library. The faint, grey light of dawn had begun to steal into the room, and as my friend crept toward the corridor I advanced to the window,

thinking perhaps I might be able to see if any guards had been posted in the garden. To my surprise—for I had not been able to note the fact in the darkness, nor did I recall having observed it on my first visit to the house of the Canari—I discovered a balcony just outside the window. Cautiously opening the casement, I stepped out and peered below, but could see no one. Then I let my eye follow the line of the palace to the left, and found, to my inexpressible delight, that both the adjoining house and the one next it were supplied with balconies similar to the one upon which I was standing. Here was a possible means of escape, if the space between the balconies could be bridged. Hugging the wall, and tiptoeing along, I came to the edge of the gap. It was not more than seven feet from railing to railing.

"One of the Byzantine couches in the room adjoining the library will be just the thing!" I thought.

Back I crept as hastily as I dared. Angela and her father had emerged from our place of concealment, and to them in a whisper I confided my plan.

"The very thing," cried Signor Canaro, "dullard that I am that it did not occur to me! The second house is unoccupied, and from the grounds at the rear there is access to a side street which is not likely to be watched."

My heart gave a great bound of exultation at this news. As the gloom of night was beginning to lift, so was it with the darkness that had, for a space, beclouded our fortunes.

At this moment Hartzheim reappeared.

"There is a guard at the top of the stairway," said he, "and I think I heard some one stirring in the corridor on the right."

Hurriedly I told him of our plan.

"Bravo!" he cried, in a whisper, his face brightening; "we shall triumph over the Viper, after all."

Angela and her father retired, at our suggestion, behind the missal case, until we should have put our improvised bridge in position, then Hartzheim and I seized upon one of the couches. It

was rather a cumbersome affair, by no means easy to handle, and we found that it was impossible to move it without making some noise. As we were preparing to pass it through the library casement, the sound of footfalls reached us from the corridor, light yet unmistakable. We set down our burden, and I started as though I would go to the door.

"No," said Hartzheim, in a suppressed tone, "there should be but one of us. Leave it to me."

He slipped off his sword and drew a stiletto from his doublet, a weapon which I knew he detested, and which I had never before seen in his hand. I hardly recognized his face as he glided by me, the usual kindly look having quite gone out of it, and a hard and fierce resolve settled there in its stead. I realized that it was no hour for mercy. He into whose clutches we should fall, if captured, would show as little pity as the venomous reptile emblazoned on his ensign, or as the gaunt grey wolf of the Apennines. Yet I could not think of the man who was stealing along the corridor without a qualm. He as little dreamed of the swift death that lay in wait for him as does the lusty reveller when Hate, in the guise of Friendship, presses the poisoned cup to his lip.

Suddenly from the adjoining room came the noise of scuffling feet, then a dull blow and a spasmodic sound like the swift in-drawing of breath. Presently I saw my friend's face again. It was still stern and set. He refastened his sword and seized upon the couch with eager energy.

"It had to be," he said, "and I was the one to do it, yet I like it not, least of all in that way. I trust there will be no others, unless—" he stopped.

"Unless?" I repeated.

"Well, there is one among them for whom a good, honest thrust would be far too saintly a speeding," he returned, and I knew he referred to the man who had been the viscont's chief instrument in the whole affair.

From "A Man-at-Arms." By Clinton Scollard. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.

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Across the Salt Seas. By J. Bloundelle Burton. Methuen & Co., Publishers.

Audubon and his Journals. By Maria R. Audubon. John C. Nimmo, Publisher.

Benson, Edward White, D. D., The Life Work of. By J. A. Carr, LL.D. Elliot Stock, Publisher.

Bible Problems, Some. By D. W. Simon, D.D. Andrew Melrose, Publisher.

Birds in London. By W. H. Hudson. Longmans, Publishers.

Christian Profiles in a Pagan Mirror. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Hurst & Blackett, Publishers.

Dante's Ten Heavens. By E. Gardner. Archibald Constable & Co., Publishers.

Falklands. By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." Longmans, Publishers.

Girl at Cobhurst, The. By Frank Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

Greece and Turkey, Scenes in the Thirty Days' War Between, 1897. By Henry W. Nevison. J. M. Dent & Co., Publishers.

Head of the Family, The. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Levin Carrac. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

Hittites, The, and their Language. By Lieut.-Col. C. R. Conder, R.E., LL.D., D.C.L., M.R.A.S. Blackwoods, Publishers.

Hume, David. By Henry Calderwood. Famous Scots Series. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Publishers.

Lockhart's Advance through Tirah. By Capt. L. J. Shadwell, P.S.C. W. Thacker & Co., Publishers.

Looms of Time, The. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Isbister & Co., Publishers.

Man-at-Arms, A. By Clinton Scollard. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.

Medicine, Masters of: William Stokes, his Life and Work. By his son, William Stokes. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.

Moon, Dr. W. and his Work for the Blind. By John Rutherford. Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers.

Murray, The Honorable Sir Charles, K.C.B. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. Blackwoods, Publishers.

Nature, Sidelights of, in Quill and Crayon. Written by Edward Ticknor Edwardes. Drawn by George C. Haité. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Publishers.

New Guest, The. By Angus Rotherham. David Nutt, Publisher.

New Testament, The Coptic Version of the, in the Northern Dialect. With Introduction, Critical Apparatus and Literal English Translation. 2 vols. Clarendon Press.

Reminiscences. By M. Betham-Edwards. George Redway, Publisher.

Shakespeare, William: a Critical Study. By George Brandës. Wm. Heinemann, Publisher.

Siam, Five Years in. By H. Warington Smyth, M.A. John Murray, Publisher.

Slopes of Helicon, The. By Lloyd Mifflin. Estes & Lauriat, Publishers.

Song Birds, Our Favorite. By Charles Dixon. Lawrence & Bullen, Publishers.

Soul of Honor, The: A Story of To-day. By Hesba Stretton. Isbister & Co., Publishers.

Statesmen, Literary, and Others. By Norman Hapgood. Duckworth & Co., Publishers.

Studies on Many Subjects. By Samuel Harvey Reynolds. Edward Arnold, Publisher.

Tsar, The, A Northern Highway of. By Aubyn Trevor Battye. Archibald Constable & Co., Publishers.

United States, Canada and Mexico, Journal of a Tour in the. By Winifred, Lady Howard of Glossop. Sampson Low & Co., Publishers.

Wotton, Sir Henry: a Biographical Sketch. By A. W. Ward. Archibald Constable & Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

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UNREMEMBERING SPRING.

Spring is here, with the wind in her hair
And the violets under her feet.
All the forests have found her fair,
And her lovers have found her sweet.

Spring's a girl in a lovely gown,
Little more than a child;
Bid her smile and the tears fall down,
Frown—and her laugh is wild.

Ay, for she has no heart, not she!
Hear her sing while you weep!
Spring wakes up without memory
Every year from her sleep.

While she slept we have lost our all,
Then she wakes and is glad,
Cries to us then to come at her call,
Wonders "Why are ye sad?"

Stands by graves in the dress of a bride:
"What is the dirge ye sing?"
If we tell her that men have died,
"What is Death?" says the Spring.

Spring, pass by; we have lived too long;
Take the primrose and go,
Lest you learn from the mortals' song
All that the mortals know.

Literature.

ALICE HERBERT.

THE BOY FROM BALLYTEARIM.

He was born in Ballytearim, where
there's little work to do,
An' the longer he was livin' there the
poorer still he grew:
Says he till all belongin' him, "Now
happy may ye be!"
But I'm off to find my fortune," sure he
says—says he.

"All the gould in Ballytearim is what's
stickin' to the whin;
All the crows in Ballytearim has a way
o' gettin' thin."
So the people did be praisin' him the year
he wint away—
"Troth, I'll hould ye he can do it!" sure
they says—says they.

Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long,
an' he across the foam,

An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long
that waited for him home;
But the girl that sat her lone an' whiles,
her head upon her knee,
Would be sighin' deep for sorra—not a
word says she.

He won home to Ballytearim, an' the
two were livin' yet;
When they tould where she was lyin'
now, the eyes of him were wet.
"Faith, here's my two fists full o' gould,
an' little good to me,
When I'll never meet an' kiss her," sure
he says—says he.

Then the boy from Ballytearim set his
face another road,
An' whatever luck has followed him was
never rightly knowed;
But still it's truth I'm tellin' ye, or may
I never sin!—
All the gould in Ballytearim is what's
stickin' to the whin.
Blackwood's Magazine. MOIRA O'NEILL.

SUSPENSE.

Without, I sit in the sun;
Within, he lies in his pain;
The little school-children run
Merrily down the lane,
A rosebud of health each one.
Within, he lies in his pain;
Without, I sit in the sun.

The sun is hot here without,
Beating on brow and breast;
The swifts go crying about
The straw-thatched human nest,
And faint rings the children's shout—
For the voice of an unknown Guest
My sick heart listens without.

He lies within in his pain;
Without, I sit in the sun;
Through young grass sweet with the
rain
Robin and blackbird run—
They flute for my friend in vain!
I sit without in the sun;
Within, he lies in his pain!
Longman's Magazine. ADA SMITH.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE COLLISION OF THE OLD WORLD
AND THE NEW.

The outbreak of war between the American Republic and a European Power is an event so startling that no one has yet begun to measure the possible results. But it becomes the English people, of all others, to consider promptly and profoundly what it means. It is a misfortune for us and for the world that at such a moment we have no statesman at the helm of empire; but only a weary, sick and spiritless incubus, assisted in his absence by an amiable philosopher. There have been times of late when men of affairs have sighed for Palmerston, and times when they regretted Disraeli. Now there is reason to wish we had a Cromwell back again. But there is nobody except Lord Salisbury, and we must do the best we can.

Into the merits of the quarrel there is little need to enter now. It may be conceded that the leading American politicians—men like Mr. Davies and Mr. Foraker, for example—have not covered themselves with glory by any nobility of attitude in a great crisis. It may be said, if any one cares to say it, that "the Constitution" has not in this case been of much use for any wholesome end. It is manifest that a great part of the American press has behaved abominably, and that the sugar rings, and the financial backers of the Cuban Junta, and the filibustering cliques, have perverted a great issue into sordid considerations. However probably we may suspect that the "Maine" was wrecked by a foul act, or, at the best, by culpable carelessness in letting her anchor over a mine, it is just to admit that Congress is not legally justified in basing the American case on this grievance, when Spain, denying the whole case, has offered to go to arbitration as to both the facts and the resulting liabilities, and the offer stands refused.

But all these pleas are beside the real issue. The broad fact is that a great colony, in which large American inter-

ests are at stake, and which is itself the next neighbor of the United States, has been for generations abominably misgoverned, and has been for an intolerable period in revolt; that Spain has proved to be hopelessly unable to re-establish a stable and civilized condition of affairs in the island; and that in her fruitless efforts she has for a long time past been guilty of revolting cruelty. Under these circumstances, the great Republic has found itself gradually drawn and driven by the necessities of the case to interfere, much as Greece was in Crete. In such a case, if a stable revolutionary government had existed, the "correct" course would probably have been to recognize it. Unfortunately, though the Cubans are dogged and successful in their resistance to the Spanish power and can hold out in a wild country, they are not strong enough to establish a government with which foreign powers could reasonably be expected to negotiate. Hence the whole matter drifted, growing worse as time went on, until the tardy concessions of a somewhat unreliable "autonomy" and finally of a somewhat shadowy "suspension of hostilities" were futile, and until, with the help of the tragic incident of the "Maine," a state of popular feeling had arisen in America such as nothing but "the liberation of Cuba" would content.

America, then, has not invited a crisis for her own evil ends. She has been dragged and driven into a crisis, which probably her shrewdest business men regret, by elemental forces of humanity and of sympathy for oppressed peoples, and a natural desire to extend the bounds of liberty. To these motives, apart from the deep influence of kindred, all that is best in these islands will respond. That is itself a sufficient reason for the startling manifestation of English sympathy for the United States which we have witnessed within the past few weeks. No friend of liberty and progress can doubt that this is a happy circumstance—but there is much more to be considered in connection with it than an amiable wave

of emotion, and it is expedient that we should look the situation in the face.

The greatest events in the world's evolution have a way of happening suddenly. The long discontent of the American colonies in the bad old days of George III. blazed out in armed resistance and republican independence over an incident which, as it seems to the student of history, might easily have fallen out otherwise. There are probably few who doubt that the incident was, in its way, inevitable, and a natural part of the world's development, but it was a deplorable accident all the same. When the breach came it produced and left behind it bitter memories, and these unhappily were fostered and increased by the mischievous line pursued by many leaders of English opinion in the terrible days of the War of Secession, and by the long dispute which Mr. Gladstone, to his eternal honor, ended by the "Alabama" arbitration. Probably there were other causes, not political, which intensified the hostility of nations near akin and, in many of the most essential facts of life, alike. It is unhappily notorious that only a very few years ago even the "best Americans" were received in the social life of England with a kind of sneer. It is also true that the great bulk of the Americans themselves, for lack of closer knowledge of the comfortable absurdities which we foster in the Old World, assumed that England was a much more effete, illiberal and nobility-ridden community than she is.

Within our own lifetime both these barriers have been broken down. The Americans are pouring into London now with almost the same enthusiasm and with probably as much enjoyment as they once poured into Paris, and they are received everywhere with kindness and appreciation. They, on the other hand, even to the typical man who views the world from a corner store in a Western town, have learnt to know that, whatever may be true of the continent of Europe, London and Birmingham and Glasgow are communities at least as progressive, in

the real sense of the word, as either New York or Peoria, and that in spite of our national mania for expressing all our new ideas and arrangements in terms that date from the Plantagenet, or at least the Tudor times, we are quite as much alive to the great ideals of freedom and democracy and the "government of the people by the people for the people" as anybody is in Washington.

It needed, however, an international incident to give some expression to these new relations. Unluckily, not only during the "Alabama" disputes, but ever since, we have had little international business with our cousins across the sea, except in contentious matters, which, if they were not always important, were often irritating. The first sign of a real *rapprochement* was the excellent effort to arrange an arbitration treaty which grew out of what might otherwise have been a very awkward quarrel, and which seemed at one time as if it might be a charter of eternal amity. How that miscarried it is needless now to remember. But it is important to notice that down to that time, and, indeed, down to this, American statesmen had been acting upon a fixed idea which made intimate relations between the United States and this country unlikely; they had been brought up to believe, and they held tenaciously to the notion, that the United States could and should keep herself absolutely free from all entanglements with the powers of the Old World. They also assumed, sometimes tacitly and sometimes with pardonable exaggerations of vocal patriotism, that the United States was the destined leader of the New World, and that all European powers who held any territory in or near North America were there more or less on sufferance. So far did the authorities at Washington carry this theory of aloofness that they even declined to interfere, although they apparently had both an interest and a duty in doing so, in the arrangements made between the European powers concerning the development of the continent of Africa. And when a large body of English public

opinion was striving against great odds in the name of humanity and liberty to do something first for Armenia and then for Crete and Greece, although the sympathies of America were unquestionably on the same side, it appears to be clear that the American statesmen practically washed their hands of all responsibility in the matter.

We are in no way concerned to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of that attitude. Indeed, it is clear enough that for such a nation as the rapidly-growing Republic, it was almost inevitable. It is more important to observe that such a diplomatic isolation could not last, and that of late there have been many signs that America is entering, whether she will or no, upon another phase of her history in which she can resist these wider responsibilities no longer. One set of incidents which shows the drift of things is the series of troubles in Hawaii which are ending at last, in spite of all protests of the old school, in the establishment of an American outpost far on the road to Australasia, in the midst of a network of relations and difficulties such as the old-time politicians of the United States had no concern with. Another world-circumstance which is driving them with irresistible force in the same direction is the paralytic stroke which has suddenly smitten the Empire of China. Although the American statesmen stood aloof from the scramble for Africa, and the regulations made at Berlin concerning African trade and jurisdiction, it is impossible to suppose that they can equally stand aside and see China parcelled out among the European States. It is notorious that China is in some respects their most natural field for commercial development over sea. American interests and enterprise in China have long been important and must grow enormously. It would be a suicidal policy for Washington to allow the powers of Europe to parcel out the Yellow Empire into tariff zones. And even if Great Britain secured for free trade a certain portion of the territory, that mitigation of the evil would hardly reconcile the United

States to the loss of such an enormous field of possibilities.

While these forces are rapidly developing, comes this new international incident of the Cuban trouble; and on a sudden the United States, which have hitherto hardly dreamed that they would ever be at war with any Power—except, perhaps, ourselves—find themselves at grips with one of the Powers of Continental Europe. It is idle to speculate at this stage on what the issues of battle may bring forth; there is little reason to believe that the contest will be either easily or quickly settled; but, whatever victories or defeats may come, there can be no doubt that momentous consequences must follow for America from the very fact that she has found it necessary to fight. During the negotiations there was evidence enough of the way in which such a fact changes the situation for American diplomacy. It is well known that all the Continental Powers took the side of Spain. It seemed, indeed, at one time, as if very serious pressure might be brought by our old friend the concert of Europe, nominally in the interests of peace, but really for the rescue of a European sovereignty from a very awkward situation. These attempts represented the converging effect of several different anti-American tendencies. In the first place, Austria, for reasons of dynastic alliance and religious and historical sympathies, is frankly and strenuously the friend of Spain. In the next place, both Italy and France, little as they love one another, are anxious to prevent the crippling and possible destruction of the third Power in that group which they talk of as the Latin Union. In the existing system of European alliances it might be supposed that the common instincts and interests of the three Latin nations had been forgotten; but there are many statesmen, both in France and Italy, who have by no means lost sight of the fact that such a grouping might well have been made in the last generation, and may come to be necessary in the next. Further, it is perfectly well-known that there are

currents of violent anti-American feeling in ruling quarters in Berlin, and the German Empire was, therefore, perfectly ready to enter *con amore* into the designs of its existing partners at Vienna and Rome. Russia, of all the Continental Powers, was probably the least inclined to thwart America, but she has no interests or sympathies which would make it worth while to oppose in such a question the desires of France.

One thing, and one thing only, prevented the concert of Europe from putting on any pressure beyond that of platonic representations: that was the outburst of public opinion in England, which made it clear that, however compliant the ministry might have been in other questions, they would not and could not do anything but sever themselves from the concert if it attempted to impose its will on the United States. As in such a matter the concert of Europe could obviously act in the last resort only by naval operations, England practically held the veto, and for the moment the concert is dumb.

It is idle to suppose, however, that the danger has gone by. It may easily happen that at any turn in the operations of war there may seem to be an opportunity for intervention and that the Powers of Europe may be tempted to return to the policy of pressure.

Behind these diplomatic relations and possibilities there is another aspect of the subject which it is as well to face. It is very possible that the responsible men at Washington do not intend nor desire to annex Cuba. Nevertheless it is the opinion of those most competent to judge that the end of the war, in which of course America can hardly fail to be successful sooner or later, will be that the United States will have to take the island in one form or other, and become responsible for its future. There are those who say that this will be an unfortunate result. It is undoubtedly true that it will not be altogether a convenient one for the United States. If the population of the island is to be admitted to American citizenship—a logical consequence which can-

not long be avoided—the results will be distinctly awkward. In Cuba itself the insurgents who are now fighting Spain would probably be almost equally dissatisfied with a government which was engineered from Washington or New York. Certainly the people of color in Cuba, who, if the truth were known, are probably half the population, would not, as an enthusiast for liberty might expect, find themselves happier under the domination of the American carpet-bagger than they were under the normal conditions of the Spanish government. But, after making all allowances, it is obvious that this is the proper result. So far as industrial development is concerned, it might plausibly be argued that every island in the Antilles would be more prosperous and better managed if the whole archipelago were annexed tomorrow. It is quite certain that even in some of our own islands it is to American enterprise and capital that the best results—for example, in the development of the fruit trade—must be traced. The present Cuban population would probably be discontented under American auspices, but Cuba itself, which is now for the most part a grievous wilderness, would blossom into unimagined prosperity and productivity within a generation.

One may take it, then, that the inevitability of things will add the island to the territories of the Republic before many years are over. But if Cuba goes, so will Puerto Rico. And if both these great islands are annexed, it is impossible to imagine that the chaotic island which lies between them, and which has before now petitioned of itself for annexation, will long remain behind. This, then, is a situation which gives occasion for thought to the European Powers. Once America extends her borders so as to include the greatest of the Antilles, the American Jingo is bound to cast covetous eyes upon the rest of the group, whether it be owned by England, or by France, or by Holland, or by anybody else. As a matter of strategical fact, the great American interest in this

region is the command of the line of transit at Panama, and of the hypothetical canal at Nicaragua. For both these purposes even the possession of Cuba does not enable the United States to dominate the situation. Having once commenced the enticing game of making successful war with Europe, and developing the Monroe doctrine to the point of hunting the monarchical foreigner out of American islands, the temptation to carry it on is obvious. And, even apart from this line of possibility, it is equally clear that the possession of a portion of the archipelago will bring America into still more intimate relation, as regards the problems of trade and tariffs and communication, with all the rest. If all these things are so, and if it be conceded that the fate which has driven America into the present war has also precipitated a new and grave development in the general foreign relations of the United States, it remains to ask the familiar question—What are we going to do about it?

We have little hope that there is any one now powerful in the direction of affairs in England who will have the pluck and the energy to do what might be done. As we said in the beginning, it is a time when we sigh for Cromwell back again. But however loudly we may call for the great spirits, they will not come. Yet there seems to be no serious doubt as to what England ought to do. Her principles, her interest and her sympathy all point in the same direction. The simple truth is, that the time has come when the unhappy breach which severed the American Republic from the British Empire as a hostile Power ought to be repaired, so far as it is expedient that it should be, by the establishment of an Anglo-American alliance.

No sane person would propose that either of the English-speaking Powers should abate its general freedom of action, or should alter its internal government. The materials are ready to hand for a perfectly simple and yet perfectly effective *entente*. All that is required is that the responsible states-

men of England and America should arrive at and should formulate a policy on which they are agreed in those matters in which it concerns them to act together. The most important of these cases at the moment, apart from the questions arising from the war itself, is obviously China. For the purposes of such an alliance we take it that responsible men in America would be quite content formally to recognize us, as Sir Frederick Pollock recently suggested, as an American Power, who owned the Dominion of Canada, and who were certain to stay there. If the sympathetic state of feeling which now exists on both sides of the Atlantic were wisely utilized at once we cannot believe that it would be difficult to take up the thread of those negotiations concerning the Arbitration Treaty which were apparently never altogether broken off. With even a little goodwill on both sides it is ridiculous to doubt that the resources of diplomacy are adequate to the framing of a clause under which all ordinary disputes that may arise in future should be referred to some tribunal. If it were found possible to go so far, it would probably prove to be possible—and we see no reason why there should be any reluctance from the English side—to go further also: and the next stage would be that the *entente* would become an alliance, under which each Power might at least undertake to assist the other in a defensive warfare. This would mean, in plain language, that each partner of the Anglo-Saxon combination would safeguard the other against the risk of being wiped out by a combination of the continental military powers.

Such suggestions have been floating, doubtless, in the minds of many Englishmen, and above all in the minds of those who sympathize most keenly with the cause of liberty and progress, during these exciting weeks. There has been a natural feeling, of course, that it would be almost an insult to offer our help to America as if she were not able on her own account to deal with the present difficulty. But there

was surely much reason in the suggestion which was made before war became finally inevitable, that if an Anglo-American *entente* could be brought into existence and declared, the overwhelming force at the command of such a combination would have decided the liberation of Cuba, in spite of all the natural reluctance of Spain, without a blow. It is not desirable at such a time as this to indulge in hints of menace, or to use the language of a braggart. But it is sober earnest and mere fact to say that if there were statesmen great enough to bring into existence between Great Britain and America an *entente* as stable as that which, for the greater part of this generation, has bound together such heterogeneous units as Italy, Austria and Germany, its influence, not only on this, but on all quarrels of the world in which either of us are concerned, would be decisive. We have mentioned the Triple Alliance. It was a combination inspired by fear and jealousy and cemented by the idolatry of force. Except for the self-preservation of the States concerned, one of which at least is not worth preserving, it has not, to our knowledge, served a single useful end, and it has been used for some bad ones. The three Powers which compose it have literally no common bond except the fear of neighbors, whom they are by no means anxious to conciliate.

Compare this with such an understanding as is now suggested between the British Empire and the United States. We are of the same race, and of the same speech. Although by certain historic blunders we have ceased to be members of the same community, yet our law and our institutions are in great part the same. On at least nine out of ten of the questions which arise in the policy of the world we think alike. Of the Great Powers we are, unhappily, the only two in whose national life freedom, in any real sense, has made her home, as we are also the only two who have not by choice or circumstance been bound in the frightful chains of that military madness which

has turned the continent into a camp.

More than that, we have enormous common interests all round the world. We are the great adventurers, the great capitalists, the great traders, the great colonists. Although America has not chosen till now to be one of the first naval Powers, it is her obvious necessity and destiny, and, if we did not hold the command of the seas, the United States would have to take it. And precisely because of all these things we both of us are very cordially detested and very bitterly envied by the military Powers. We in England have had cause to know of late how easy it would be on due occasion to make a combination of Europe against us, as there might have been in the past weeks, or may be in the ensuing ones, against America. The chances which might make such a possibility a vital danger to either of the English-speaking States are evident enough to those who know the facts of foreign policy. If, then, alliances are to be founded, like the *Triplece*, upon the potent motive of a common danger, there is common danger enough for us. But the motive of a common interest is equally there, and the worthiest motive of all, which is that of a common good purpose, would be, and ought to be, the real mainspring of such an effort. We have said that the *Triplece*, powerful as it is, has hardly been used for the world's good. It is safe to say that it would be difficult, even for our bitterest enemies abroad, to suggest any case in which the united strength of England and America would be ever likely to be put forth, which would not be to the advantage of mankind.

It is possible even to look further. If one thinks of the tremendous power which such a combination could wield if and when it chose, one is tempted to wonder whether it might not be able, in the fulness of time, to take effectual steps towards that ideal which, to even the greatest optimists, seems almost hopeless—namely, the suppression of war. It would be certainly the desire of an Anglo-American combination to make universal, as between all sovereign

sign States, any method of permanent arbitration which had in practice proved effectual between themselves. For such a policy they would surely have the ready support at least of all the smaller Powers, and probably of some among the greater Powers also. It is needless to point the obvious moral that if any system of permanent and general arbitration had existed, the present war would never have begun.

Before the days of Alfred, when private war was a common habit of settling disputes in England, it would have seemed, even to the most sanguine, incredible that in later generations men would take even the most furious or the most vital quarrels in an orderly fashion to the arbitrament of a tedious old gentleman in a wig. It is not impossible that some day our remote descendants may wonder why we were such fools as to tolerate for century after century so stupid, so risky and so eminently inequitable a method of settling national disagreement as that of the organization of scientific murder.

We need insist, however, upon no individual application, and upon no particular form for what we have described as the *entente*; but we may insist on two things: first, that the present crisis is a golden opportunity; and, next, that if ever there was a human institution of which it would not be absurd to say that it would make on the whole for the Kingdom of God, it is a Treaty of Amity between the severed Powers of the English-speaking race.

POLITICUS.

From The Quarterly Review.
MYSTERIES OF ANIMAL AND BIRD LIFE.¹

We live in an age when problems—in the old-fashioned sense of the word,

1. "Animals at Work and Play: Their Activities and Emotions." By C. J. Cornish. London, 1896.

2. "Life at the Zoo." By the same. London, 1896.

3. "Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory. The Result of Fifty Years' Experience," etc. By Heinrich Gatzke. Edinburgh, 1895.

i.e., "questions proposed," if not for solution, at least for minute dissection—are becoming more and more the one thing to be aimed at in almost every class of literature. This spirit has invaded not only the various domains of Science, from that of Theology to those of the newest upstarts; not even the remoter kingdoms of Poetry and Romance have escaped invasion. "How," "why" and "whence" have come to be points of vital import to the well-being and value of three-fourths of the thousands of new books which every season produces.

It was not to be expected that so tempting a field as Natural History should remain unannexed. How far the external world of Nature, as it appears even to the countless tribes of insects, and the wider and less known race of animals, at all agrees with its aspect in the eyes of men is a question of curious interest that until of late years has hardly been asked, much less answered. How much they see, hear, discern and think as we see, hear and distinguish—how far their intelligence resembles that of man—are matters worth careful inquiry. To these and other kindred speculations Mr. Cornish has devoted his attention, and in his two volumes mentioned at the head of this article gives us the results of his studies. Wielding a ready pen, and writing in a style that is always clear, and often brilliant, he possesses a vein of pleasant humor which rarely crops out in the work of specialists. Though occasionally discursive, and prone to strain his theories too far, he is a delightful companion, especially for a walk through the "Zoo." We turn, therefore, to "Animals at Work and Play," before touching on his more finished work on "The Effect of Music on Different Animals."

The ordinary life of animals, taken as a whole, might seem to the casual observer to be more or less monotonous, excepting, of course, that of birds, whose day is one of endless variety, activity and change. Our author calls it a life "of pure routine"—a daily, limited series of actions,

most of which seem to afford satisfaction rather than pleasure, making up the sum-total of animal happiness. They develop no new wants, and rarely appear to care for change or excitement of any kind; even the *Carnivora* wander only just so far as is necessary to find their prey. But, to a closer glance, this apparent routine reveals many features, varying, distinctive and interesting. Thus, for instance, Mr. Cornish tells how many animals "make their beds"—beds of their own, or which they appropriate. A few, especially the prairie dogs, make them every night; throwing away the old grass or straw, and hunting about in all directions for fresh blankets; or turning round and round among the withered leaves and herbage until they have contrived a new and cosy retreat. Even in the Zoological Gardens, they cling to their old ways. There each has his own box, into which a handful of straw is put every other day. Every morning, however, each dog carries out every scrap of his previous night's bed, and throws it into the cage. Nay, more, about 3 P. M. in the cold, wintry days, the dogs suddenly recollect that the "beds are not made," and fly off in a hurry to get it done before dark. Common straw, dragged in as it is, will not suit them; it has all to be cut up to a certain length, in bundles, and "made up" inside. Mr. Cornish's words are worth quoting:—

Each dog sits up on end, cramming straw into his mouth in an awful hurry, holding the straws across, and breaking them off on each side with his paws. As soon as he has filled his mouth till it can hold no more, he gallops off into his sleeping-box, arranges the cut straw, and rushes out again for a fresh supply; while from time to time the whole group will jump into the air and bark, as if suddenly projected upwards by a spring, like so many Jacks-in-the-Box.

This last item has an element of fun in it that is rarely found among any animals, not even in the merry dormouse or squirrel. For dormice make beds for winter, but in a far neater and

quieter fashion, being by no means so particular about a change of blankets. In their wild state, they often take possession of an old bird's-nest, filling up the inside with scraps of moss and wool, and fitting it with a roof of leaves that is somewhat proof against cold and wet. A tame dormouse, with whom we were all acquainted, suddenly disappeared one autumn day, and after a long search was given up for lost. Early in spring he as suddenly reappeared from the top folds of a thick window curtain, where he had built himself a cosy nest of odds and ends of string and cotton, and shreds of wool, and slept soundly for five months, without a change of bed-clothes.

But of all hibernating animals the strangest is the badger, though his bed is but a handful of dry grass, which he does his utmost to keep clean and free from every scrap of offensive matter. On such a bed the wild badger sleeps, at the end of a deep burrow, all the winter months. But at the "Zoo" he exhibits the strange peculiarity of actually sleeping on his head.

Twice [says Mr. Cornish] when the straw in which he buries himself has been removed, I have seen him, not curled up on his side, but with the top of his flat head on the ground, and the rest of his body curled over it, as if he had fallen asleep while turning head over heels.

Mr. Cornish's chapter on "Sleep" is well worth reading. To some animals much sleep seems to be a necessary luxury, for which a bed must be provided. Others, again, are content with far less, and even that of a broken kind—much, indeed, as it is with us, their masters. But the chief difference between us and them is that they wake up instantly, in full possession of all their senses and wits. The dog, for example, wakens at the least sound, and growls, or grumbles, or barks, as the necessity of the case seems to demand. The fox is said to sleep with one eye open; whether this be so or not, he is, at the least alarm, fully awake, every muscle braced, every

sense alert, for instant flight, and able, if need be, to fall at once into his gallop, and dodge the hounds with as much coolness, cunning and knowledge of the ground as if just surprised, not in his sleep, but on his prowl, with all his wits about him. With us, it is wholly different. Some chance, but actual, noise is probably present with a man as he sleeps, and blends with his dream before it wakens him. Probably he will again fall into broken sleep, again hear the noise in his dream, then suddenly awake, and fancy it was a knock at the door—the servant to call him, or bringing his hot water. A sharp house-dog, though he may at times grow lazy, and decline to heed a call even by name, is roused at once by the sound of a well-known whistle, or the click of a lock. By no possibility, however, can he do what his master did before lying down to sleep—i.e., resolve to waken punctually at 6 A. M., and carry out his resolution.

On such points as these Mr. Cornish has plenty to say that is interesting. On the toilette of animals, again, or on their sense of beauty, he is full of suggestion, though, in our judgment, his remarks on "Animals' Etiquette" are far-fetched, and those on "Animal Courage" superfluous. Nor does he entirely carry us with him in the chapter on the sense of humor possessed by animals. But, passing by much that is pleasantly and sometimes fancifully written, and omitting some chapters that we feel disposed to controvert, we come to a question of real interest and importance. "What Animals See." On this point Mr. Cornish has far less to tell us than Sir John Lubbock told us in his observations on ants, bees and wasps; but, though his work is not that of the patient and laborious student, it is stimulating and suggestive. At least he asks the right questions, if he cannot always answer them from his own observation. What, for example, does an ant see, as he climbs slowly up the stalk of a waving blade of grass, and looks down on the leafy world all round and beneath him? Does he

make out that huge monster of a beetle foraging along the path a couple of yards away? As far as one can judge from his apparent unconsciousness of anything not within reach of his antennæ, he is guided on his way by nothing but a sense of smell, or a word from a passing traveller of his own species. Eyes he has, indeed, and of wondrous structure, compound, similar to those of all insects, presenting an image pieced together like mosaic, in a thousand facets. Of these eyes, ants have a large one on each side of the head, at the end of a tube connected with the optic nerve on the top of the head; as well as three *ocelli*, smaller, without facets, but simple, like our own. The vision of the compound eyes and the *ocelli* must surely differ in their express functions, or there must be a strange waste of power. With such an ample equipment, the ant ought to see many things, and, after a series of careful and minute experiments, Sir John Lubbock has proved beyond doubt that they clearly distinguish color, in something like the following order of preferment: green, fifty; red, sixty; yellow, fifty; violet, zero, some even avoiding violet *in toto*. Doubtless much the same ratio prevails among bees, and other *Hymenoptera*, in their choice of flowers. Ants, however, and other such insects, are guided by a wonderfully keen sense of smell, where vision seems to fail them; what serves for the organ of sight in the former case being in the antennæ, which *Formica* uses easily and swiftly in holding intercourse with her friends and companions.

So far we get some definite idea of vision in the insect world; but with animals whose eyes are "simple" like our own, though far larger, the data are quite uncertain, and limited to range and accuracy of vision. As to whether objects appear to them as they do to us, suggesting the ideas of solidity, transparency, roundness or squareness, and whether to many or all such creatures the world is not a mere scheme of black and white, or a harmony in green and grey, we know

nothing. Even the trained human eye has to learn to see, and may, even after learning, lose the sense of color, and have but an indistinct notion of form. Dr. G. Harley, to save the sight of one eye, or perhaps of both, when one was injured, imprisoned himself in a totally dark room for nine months. After those long, dreary months, he guessed that his eyes had lost all sense of color; for the world was all black and white and grey, the sense of distance was gone, his brain interpreted the picture wrongly, and his hand failed to touch the object he meant to grasp. It may be much the same with the animal brain, which receives little or no training, and in many cases may be unaware of the colors presented to it. The hunted fox, or the horse in pursuit, may hear the cry of the hounds, and each in his own way know well what the sound means; but neither the one nor the other may discern a red coat from a black; or see much difference in the varied stretch of landscape, hill, valley, stream and meadow. It is more than doubtful whether the cleverest terrier identifies any object by its hue. We have known one walk suspiciously round a pile of old black rags, or of white newspaper, in the meadow, as if it were a living thing; not daring to touch it until his nose assured him that it was safe. All that Mr. Cornish has to say on these and kindred points is full of interest, though want of space compels us to leave it for the reader's own discovery, and we pass on to one final point as to vision, of a singular importance.

The eyes of insects, of cats, owls and eagles, and many other animals, are all wondrous enough in their way; but what shall be said of the eye of that extinct monster, the *Ichthyosaurus*, the gigantic "Fish Lizard?" The beast himself was upwards of thirty feet in length, with an elongated snout, and beak-like jaws, six feet long, opening like those of the crocodile. His eye, according to Doctor Buckland, was "as big as a man's head;" and it was not only enormous, but of peculiar construction; being at once microscopic

and telescopic, as modified by special apparatus. Round the orbit ran a circle of osseous plates, with muscles attached, to alter the convexity of the cornea at a moment's notice, as circumstances required. If the object to be examined were near, the plates contracted and the eyeball protruded; if needed for distant vision the plates remained as usual. Thus the monster was armed against enemies near the surface, protected from the tremendous pressure of surrounding water when sailing through the cloudy deeps below, while, if he lay basking on the top of the water, and lifted those mighty orbs towards the heavens, for every star visible to an astronomer he might have seen a thousand.

Mr. Cornish is far more original in "Orpheus at the Zoo." Here he breaks entirely new ground. Of the Papuan gardener bird, the bower bird and the chif-chaff, and of their dainty taste and picturesque skill in decking their nests, we have all heard and read many times and in many books. But when we come to the effect of the sweet sound of a violin or a fife, or the scent of lavender, on the king of beasts, on the stately elephant or on the hooded snake, we open the door to a domain almost of fairy land, hitherto unexplored, leading to questions of curious interest. For example: sound, discord, music—do animals at all appreciate the difference of meaning in these words? Every lover of dogs knows that they discriminate between mere noise, music and discord; and if so, *a fortiori*, it would seem, all song birds, from whom we get such variety and profusion of sweet sounds, must possess the same power. It has often been asked whether birds really hear and appreciate their own song. For our own part we boldly say "Yes." If otherwise, why sing at all? If the skylark, at golden dawn, as, mounting swiftly to the gates of Light, he

Forever upward wins his liquid way,
and fills all Heaven with a joyous flood
of melody, be not conscious of the
sweet sounds, his mate in her grassy

nest below is equally unconscious, and all the music is a useless waste. Yet we know that by it he stormed the heart of his lady-love, a month ago, with the force and passion of that loving song, just as the nightingale and the thrush attracted, wooed and won their sweethearts, when "woods were green, and hawthorn buds appeared."

If the burst of song gives no pleasure to the minstrel or to any one of his thousand listening kith and kin, to his rivals in love and in the "Joyeuse Science," why the gift of song? Why should any bird utter a note of melody? The English choir of birds has nearly forty melodies, from the impassioned warble of the nightingale down to the plain chant of the cuckoo. Even now, as we write, in these amazing days of spring-like February, the thrush is in full song long before sunrise, when no courting or nesting has yet begun. And, surely, if for no other reason, *suo ipsius gaudio*, in very gladness of heart, to utter his own feeling of joy; at a whisper now flying through the bare woodlands:—

They hear the whisper, and sing to the south wind,

The sweetest song that a bird can sing—
Oh! the season of sunshine and love is coming,

The bonnie days of the bonnier spring.

A hundred years ago we find Daines Barrington asserting that birds do not sing by instinct, but simply imitate the voices of their older companions, whether kindred or not; having, he says, brought up three linnets under larks, whose song the young birds caught up and made their own. But further and more careful experiments since then have proved beyond a doubt that each bird's song is really inherited, and that he will sing like his parents, even though he may never have heard their song; and Professor Lloyd Morgan, after many careful tests, found that young birds, even when brought up amidst a host of other caged minstrels, always kept to their own song. Mr. Darwin considered song to be a means of sexual selection, whereas Mr.

Wallace, on the other hand, regards it chiefly as a means of recognition, or invitation of the male to the female. Be the motive what it may, every bird has some few notes of his own, of which he clearly knows the meaning, as do all listeners of his own kind. These notes serve to express his own special feelings, joy, sorrow, fear, surprise or alarm; from the faint whisper of the swift, or the chirp of the tiny wren, up to the full melody of the blackbird or the nightingale. To take one final example, what but pure joy in his own utterance can urge that loudest of all the woodland minstrels, the missel thrush, or storm cock, to continue his song in all weathers? In seeming defiance of wind and rain, loud enough to drown the whole choir, he fills the air, and this, too, when the days of love-making are all but finished.

With this final example we turn naturally to Mr. Cornish's three chapters on "Orpheus at the Zoo," which tell us of the strangely curious effects of the sound of a piccolo, flute or violin in the hands of a musician, heard for the first time by critics as wide apart as the tarantula spider and the lion. His first experiment was on the tarantula spider; his friend the violinist having a theory that spiders had a liking for harmonious sounds, and that one whose bite is said to make others dance must be specially gifted. To their great surprise the creature was deaf to sweet sounds, remaining in his corner, sulky and unmoved. But a nest of scorpions close at hand were very different. They had settled down into their usual sleepy state, when the musician played chords at first gentle and melodious, then rising to notes high, piercing and sustained.

In a few moments the creatures began to move; the whole mass became violently agitated, and the torpid scorpions awoke into a writhing tangle of legs, claws and stings. As the sounds ceased, they became still; but when the loud, shrill notes were again played, they sprang up into life again. The talking *mynah*, in the same room, sprang from end to end of its

cage, with ecstatic hops, and whistled and coughed—showing that at least it was a critical listener.

Their next visit was to the snakes and pythons, on the threshold of whose home they found the "monitor lizard," a huge and active saurian, five feet in length, whose watchful habits enable him, it is said, to give notice of the approach of the crocodile. On this occasion he did not belie his reputation. The very moment he heard the first sound of the violin he raised his head and was alert and listening. Then the forked tongue came out, playing incessantly round his lips; and as the music became soft and slow the lizard grew quite still but for a gentle swaying of the head. Next came two groups of black snakes from the Robben Islands, the first of which seemed deaf and absolutely torpid, inert as if they were carved out of polished ebony. In the next cage all heads were raised, and forked tongues played, while at a sudden discord every snake's head started violently back. Such, more or less, was the effect of music on all the snakes. The huge pythons showed not a grain of interest, and the boa was almost as indifferent; but the deadly cobra, which the Indian snake-master wins from his hiding-place in the old wall at the sound of a tiny pipe, was roused at once. He was lying sound asleep on the gravel at the bottom of his cage; but at the first note he instantly raised his head, and, with eyes fixed on the door whence the sound came, as the music grew louder, slowly stood erect on his tall, spread his hood, and swayed to and fro, in accordance with the measure of the tune. Every change in volume and tone instantly produced a corresponding change in the movements or poise of the snake. At the tremolo its body was puffed out; at a sudden change, imitating the sound of the bagpipes, its hood was expanded to the utmost dimensions, while a sudden sharp discord made the creature wince as if under a smart blow.

The Polar bear stood upon his hind legs to listen more intently, walking backwards and forwards, and hum-

ming a half-formed grunt of satisfaction. The two grizzlies, at the first chord, assumed a critical yet comic attitude of keen attention, each with its head on one side, and its paws clasping the bars. In the lion-house, every head was turned at the first sound of the violin, and, as it grew louder, his majesty began to wave the black tuft on his tail from side to side, as a cat does when meditating a spring; while the lioness made her way straight up to the bars, as if to push him from the front seat. The old fable of the snap of a broken string causing terror to the wolf was next put to the proof, and seems to be founded on fact. Instantly, at the sudden crash, the common wolf set up its back, and with tail between its legs drew back into a hideous sneer, and slunk into a corner; while its Indian cousin sank down with erected fur in a fit of abject, trembling fear. Jackals and some of the wilder foxes showed much the same signs of angry terror, varied here and there by a tinge of curiosity. Space will not permit us to note Mr. Cornish's amusing sketch of his visit to the monkey house, where the music caused the greatest wonder and excitement, and a crash of discord roused the whole audience to a passion of rage.

The Malbrook monkey dropped the clay pipe he was pretending to smoke, and the white-nosed monkey stole a lady's veil, and tore it literally to pieces; while a big baboon put on a comical look of disgust and surprise, and walked off to the utmost limits of its chain.

With a short glance at the African elephant, as one of the largest and least vivacious, though most intelligent animals, we must with regret take leave of Mr. Cornish's pleasant and striking pictures of "Music at the Zoo." The flute was chosen to open the concert, and seemed as potent as the lute of Orpheus himself; the huge beast stood listening with deep attention, one foot raised from the ground, and its whole body still: a strong sign of the effect of music on the most restless of animals. As long as the flute contin-

ued, the stillness was unbroken; but at the first sound of the piccolo all was changed. Its sharp, shrill note was everywhere resented. The elephant twisted round and turned his back on the performer, whistling, snorting and stamping his feet. Even the ostrich was offended at the piccolo, writhing its neck, stalking uneasily up and down as if in dudgeon. The tiger, who clearly found pleasure in the violin, started up in fury at the first shrill cry of the tiny pipe, rushing up and down the cage, and lashing its tail from side to side. A soft air from the flute brought back immediate peace; and we may fairly infer that the violin and flute, which "human taste has approved as the most pleasing of instruments, are, by some unknown law, most acceptable to the brute creation." No creature seemed wholly indifferent to the charm of music, except the seals; while to all a discord was offensive.

On the mystery of migration of birds, Mr. Cornish tells much that is old, and little perhaps that is absolutely new. A mystery it may well be called. What can be more marvellous than that a tiny bird, a thousand miles away, should be suddenly driven by an irresistible impulse to seek a certain Devonshire garden, where she had once before built her nest and reared a happy brood in the golden days of summer? Facing all the perils of the journey, guided across the waste of waters, she makes her way, and once again, in the same tree or bush, rears her tiny home. The old theory that our "*spring migrants*," such as the swallows and the nightingale, simply left our shores when driven by cold and hunger, or the approach of winter, for shelter in warmer climates, and came back to us with summer, had long ceased to satisfy modern naturalists. It was easy to understand why birds of all kinds should fly from cold and scanty food to warmth and abundance; but why they should leave the fields and woods of the South for a journey across thousands of miles of sea to a cold and icy desert under the Northern Pole was a mystery, for which the

most eager students could find no solution. They began to watch and observe with double care. They sat up in light-houses all through long winter nights, noting the ceaseless coming and going of winged creatures of almost all sorts and sizes. Yet there seemed neither limit nor law in the incessant and perplexing streams of bird life. Among these watchers was the late Henry Seebohm, and by him the mystery was partly solved. The number of birds who go to the Arctic regions to breed is vast beyond conception; they go, not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the "Tundra," a moorland of treeless swamp far within the Arctic Circle. Here is the picture of what Mr. Seebohm saw, in his own glowing words, on being awakened at ten o'clock, to find the whole population moving towards the light-house at Heligoland, nets in hand, to capture the birds that stray from the main body:—

The whole zone of light within range of the mirrors was alive with birds coming and going. Nothing else was visible in the darkness of night but the lantern of the light-house vigneted on a drifting sea of wings. From the darkness in the East clouds of birds were continually emerging in an uninterrupted stream, a few swerving from their course, fluttering for a moment as if dazed by the light, and then vanishing in the western gloom. Now and then one wheeled round the light-house, and then passed on, or fluttered against the glass like a moth against a lamp, tried to perch on the wire-netting, and was caught by the light-house man.

How many hundreds of thousands must have passed in a couple of hours, it is, he says,

Useless to attempt to guess; but the stray birds which the keeper alone succeeded in securing that night amounted to nearly three hundred.

Migration in this fashion may go on at many different points on the coast for many days and nights, and in such quick succession that the flocks are always in sight, while the great host

make their way like a fleet stretched out over a great width of sea; including birds of species as widely apart as cranes and chaffinches, the cuckoo and the golden-crested wren. How guided—by that overpowering instinct first led—is a further mystery still to be solved.

In many cases, as in those of young birds, experience can neither urge nor guide; it must therefore be an inborn faculty or instinct. But, however inexplicable the facts, and however unfitted some of the migrants may appear to be physically, it is incontrovertible that millions of tiny, frail creatures, some of them short-winged, do traverse Europe each year from end to end, congregating by thousands, at a score of places and at different times, along our coasts, before they start for their long and perilous flight. Why they fly to the frozen North, and what they find there, we know from the striking picture of Mr. Seeböhm.

The Tundra,¹ a vast stretch of treeless swamp, millions of acres, within the Arctic Circle, uninhabited by human beings and for eight months out of the year covered with snow, and hardly known even by name to Europeans, drains the Old World of half its bird population. In this region, it must be remembered, the year is divided into six months of unbroken day and six of unbroken night, the former forcing life to beat strongly under almost perpetual sunshine. Here buttercups, dandelions, forget-me-not, hawkweed, cuckoo flower and saxifrage abound; no English meadow may outvie these Arctic pastures in masses of purple, blue and gold. All round this glorious domain lie millions of acres covered with beds of abundant food, cranberry and crowberry and other berries of the same genus, in forty varieties. The crop is not ripe

¹ "Tundra" is a name given by the Samoyedes inhabiting the most northern portion of Siberia, along the shore of the Arctic Ocean, to many such desolate regions. Dr. Gatké speaks of them as "the endless Tundras of the extreme North." But that one specially mentioned in the text is very extensive, and referred to by him as "the Great Tundra," pp. 133, 134.

until the middle or end of the Arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds had to wait until it was all ripe, they might have to starve, arriving as they do on the very day of the melting of the snow. But the immense crop of ripe fruit of the previous season, ungathered by birds, was quickly covered up by the snow, and kept pure and fresh, "like crystallized fruit," until the melting of next year's fall; and it is now ready for them. Meanwhile the insect-eating birds have but to open their mouths and be filled; for the air is at times black with swarms of mosquitoes or other such dainties for the chiff-chaffs, pipits, warblers and wagtails, etc., which abound on all sides. Ages of long-inherited instinct have taught the birds the nature of the banquet in store for them in the air; while the frozen meal on the bushes stretches across the breadth of Asia, never decays, and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Such is the discovery, mainly owing to the enterprise of Mr. Seeböhm, which Mr. Cornish describes with infectious enthusiasm. So far the mystery of migration has been cleared up.

By degrees, the veil once lifted, we may learn more, and perhaps not have long to wait. Already Doctor Gatké has advanced our knowledge, and we turn to his elaborate and comprehensive volume on Birds and Bird Life in Heligoland.

The first thing to strike us with wonder is that on so small, solitary, rocky and barren an island, facing the Northern Sea, this patient observer has seen nearly four hundred different birds, each of which is described with a minuteness and accuracy not always to be found even in works of standard authority. The mystery of such a vast number of birds ever visiting a barren rock, and at times in countless hosts, is, however, hardly explained by the fact that Heligoland is in no sense a birds' home, but merely an inn, a resting-place in passing, at the two chief seasons of spring and autumn migration, to or from the Arctic storm-swept coast. Heligoland is, in fact, scarcely

more than a long, narrow rock (nearly equidistant from the mouths of the Elbe and Weser), only nine miles in circuit; rising in the centre to a round elevation, having at the north end a light-house, and on the south a haven for fishing-boats. To all appearance, a less likely place for studying birds and bird life it would be hard to find; and yet at this barren and wintry spot vast multitudes of birds are to be seen at certain seasons of the year; and here the author spent fifty years of his life in watching their arrival and departure, examining their habits, plumage and peculiarities, and keeping an exact record of all that he observed. Arrive when they may, the birds find shelter in no sunny groves or woodlands, flowery meads, cornfields or valleys, but a mere waste of sandhills and rocky chasms, offering little shelter and scanty food.

Doctor Gatke may well regard the whole question of the migration of birds as a "strange and mysterious phenomenon," seeing, as he says, that it has for thousands of years roused the astonishment and admiration of men, and is still, in spite of all recent research, in some respects an unsolved problem. For example, as we all know, we can almost foretell the exact date at which certain well-known birds will reach us in spring, and leave our shores in autumn—the feathered visitors seeming to know equally well when they are due in the woods and fields of a genial clime, and when they ought to leave us and find better quarters and more abundant food elsewhere. But, though their instinct is in a host of instances a true guide—and though "the swallow and the crane observe the time of their coming," as exactly and as accurately as in the days of old—now and then it is grievously at fault. How else comes it to pass that in this present month of February the wandering voice of the cuckoo was distinctly heard in three different parts of England, by credible witnesses, one of whom not only heard the well-known note, but saw the bird herself fly from a tree in his own garden? She was

nearly two months before her time, and within a week from her arrival, deep snow had fallen in most of her favorite haunts. Ten inches of snow are reported to have fallen in parts of Devon, Somerset and Hants, the favorite haunts of the nightingale, the cuckoo and the swallow. Doctor Gatke, however, does not attempt to solve this, or any other similar riddle; though he has much to tell us that is new, and of the highest interest, not only of birds, but of other visitors to his rocky domain, of which few readers would expect to find any mention in such a record.

It is well to note that in all that relates to the amazing number of birds that visit Heligoland, described by Mr. Cornish and Mr. Seeböhm as incredibly vast, Professor Gatke more than confirms their glowing picture in every respect. It is true that we miss the bright and vivacious style that adorns almost every page of "Orpheus at the Zoo." The learned doctor is at times ponderous, diffuse, wordy. He revels in facts, rejoices in dates; and his translator, faithful to his text, seems equally fond of lengthy and labored diction. Nearly six hundred closely-printed pages is a somewhat formidable mass of tough reading for the young student in these days of abridgments, compendiums, short cuts and royal roads. Their compilation cost the author fifty years of patient toil, and few of his numerous readers can hope to devote half that number of decades to a volume so well worthy of careful study. Life is short; and we will in the brief space at our command endeavor to give them some idea of the varied contents of this goodly tome, illustrated here and there by Doctor Gatke's own striking words.

The first nine sections of the volume are devoted to a full and careful discussion of such knotty questions as the "Course" of migration in Heligoland; the altitude and velocity of the migration flight; the meteorological conditions by which it is influenced; its order, according to age and sex; the exceptional phenomena by which it is

accompanied; the signs by which the birds are guided; the causes of their movement; and finally, changes of color and plumage, of many birds, without moulting. To these subjects the first one hundred and sixty-five pages are devoted; the rest of the volume being occupied with a minute and separate account of each of the three hundred and ninety-eight birds found in Heligoland.

By the "Course" of migration Doctor Gatke means a full and exact catalogue of the birds which visit Heligoland, in due order, month by month—from the guillemots in January to the snow-buntings in November and December. The fulness and minuteness of this catalogue may be estimated from the fact that the December record alone occupies more than four pages; that being the month when the influence of the weather most strikingly affects the migration of a large class of birds. Should it be mild, vast numbers of starlings, blackbirds, fieldfares and redwings, snipe and woodcock, continue to migrate up to the close of the year, all journeying towards the West. If frost and east wind set in, flocks of curlews, golden plovers, oyster-catchers and sandpipers rush in a single night towards their winter quarters; while during the day countless hosts of swans, geese, ducks and mergansers are to be seen swiftly migrating across the sea.

But we are bound to give an example of our author's style in one of his lighter moods, where he is describing the course of events in October, when the tiny, golden-crested wren makes its appearance in such amazing numbers that "they swarmed round the light-house like so many snow-flakes, and every square foot of the island teemed with them." One such night is thus described by Doctor Gatke:—

The whole sky is now filled with a Babel of hundreds of thousands of voices, and as we approach the light-house there presents itself to the eye a scene which more than confirms the experience of the ear. Under the intense glare of the light swarms of larks, starlings and thrushes

career around in ever-varying density, like showers of brilliant sparks, or huge snowflakes driven onward by a gale, and continuously replaced, as they disappear, by freshly-arriving multitudes. Mingled with these birds are large numbers of golden plovers, lapwings, curlews and sandpipers. Now and again, too, a woodcock is seen; or an owl, with slow beatings of the wings, emerges from the darkness into the circle of light, but again speedily vanishes, accompanied by the cry of some unhappy thrush that has become its prey.

We doubt whether any such spectacle has ever been, or could be, witnessed elsewhere. Certainly no such scene has ever been so elaborately and faithfully photographed by any other writer. In such striking photographs, as clearly true to life, the whole record of the entire year may be said to abound. The artist is always on the watch, and never weary. He seems to live, night and day, for the birds, and for them only; and having abundant time, a keen eye and unwearyed patience, at absolute command, no one detail of the picture is wanting.

The "Direction" of the birds' flight in emigration is a complicated and difficult question, which Doctor Gatke treats with his usual elaboration, giving innumerable facts, as observed by himself, and confirmed by other competent authorities, as to the points from which the migrants set out, the length of their journey, the dates of their departure and arrival, and their probable destination. The whole section forms a treasury of new and varied information for which the student will vainly search elsewhere. How minutely this enquiry is carried out into the utmost details may be seen from the following short paragraphs. The author, after tracing the great flight of migrants from Eastern Asia to the Atlantic shores of Europe, and explaining its latitudinal range, says:—

In this long "wave of migration," however, each of the many hundreds of species which compose it does not follow a migration route, more or less narrowly limited, of its own; but all, on setting out

from the breeding area, take up a westerly course, which, within the latitude of their nesting-stations, they pursue to its final goal, some making digressions to the south in the course of their journey, others not turning south until the concluding stage of their migration has been reached. Of course, it may happen that some fraction or other of a broad column, having got over a line of seashore lying far below its path, may continue its flight uninterruptedly along the same; but this is only because geological conditions have given the shore-line a course corresponding to the direction of the migration movement, either from east to west, or north to south, and ought in no sense to be attributed to any plan or purpose on the part of the wanderers.

This extract is at once an example of our author's diffuseness and his habit of expatiating on minute details—a habit which renders it impossible, in the space at our disposal, to do more than indicate generally the character and contents of the remaining sections of a remarkable book.

"The Altitude of the Migration Flight" appears to be so great that Doctor Gatzke considers it as "completely beyond the powers of human observation," such portions of the flight as are brought within the range of our notice being due to meteorological influences, and to be regarded as disturbances of the migration movement proper. To be able to wing their way at heights of twenty-five to thirty thousand feet, birds must be so organized as to be capable of enduring a very considerable diminution of air-pressure, and of existing in the scanty supply of oxygen obtainable in strata of such rare density. Into all these, and many other kindred questions, our author enters most minutely; illustrating and explaining as he goes on by many striking statistics, and confirming his own views by quotations from well-known authorities.

In the same fashion he deals with the "Velocity of the Migration Flight," the statistics cited being of unusual interest, tracing it from the progress of the sluggish hooded crow, who, however,

attains an hourly speed of migration flight of one hundred and eight geographical miles, to that of the swift carrier-pigeon, and, swifter still, that of the falcons and the swallows, who in their wild state reach a far greater velocity. Yet, strange to say, one little bird, the northern bluethroat, was found to have travelled at the rate of one hundred and eighty geographical miles in a single hour. This bird winters in the Nile districts, and, leaving its breeding home at the end of April, accomplishes its long and weary flight of sixteen hundred miles to Heligoland, its first resting-place, within the space of about nine hours.

By the "meteorological conditions which influence migration," the doctor means such factors as the force and direction of the wind; the degree of moisture in the atmosphere, and the special form which this moisture assumes—either diffused throughout the air as vapor of uniform density; condensed into fog or mist, taking the form of cirrus clouds, or of the wool-pack type; or, again, in clear, cold air, as hoar-frost. The exact effect of each of these separate conditions he illustrates by extracts from his diary, with his usual care and minuteness; noting one strangely curious phenomenon which few readers will anticipate, and some, possibly, might be inclined to doubt, if found recorded elsewhere. Birds of any kind, or of all kinds, one is prepared to meet with, but no one would dream of butterflies and dragonflies among the feathered host. Yet thus stands the recorded fact:—

Another very peculiar phenomenon, intimately connected with thunderstorms, is the regular but temporary appearance, in millions, of the large dragon-fly (*Libellula quadripunctata*) before such disturbances. Countless swarms of these insects make their appearance all of a sudden during the calm, sultry hours preceding the outburst of the storm, while thunder-clouds gather on the horizon, and, heaped upon each other, project into the blue ether beyond, like so many giant mountains of snow. Whence these insects come cannot be

ascertained, nor do they arrive in swarms or companies, but by solitary individuals, or scattered groups, gradually adding to the vast throng.

Why these insects should attempt any migration, or by what secret attraction they are drawn to assemble in such multitudes at one special spot looking out on the Northern Sea, is a problem at the solution of which Doctor Gatke does not venture even to guess. The insects vanish as suddenly as they appear; so that hardly a trace of them remains on the following morning, though on the previous evening the face of the cliff, all the buildings, hedges and every stray bush on the island may have been covered with them. But if the appearance of dragon-flies be a mysterious phenomenon, what shall be said of white cabbage butterflies, that during August, 1883, were to be seen passing in such vast clouds as made it impossible to form any true conception of their actual number? On each of the above nights, also, two of the smaller night moths were seen at the light-house, passing from east to west, like the flakes of a sudden, dense snowstorm; and it is to be noted, also, that even these tiny creatures manage to cross the North Sea in safety; for they often arrive on the east coast of England suddenly, and in such incredible numbers that we can only believe them to be immigrants. It is with such novel and strange incidents as these, and vivid notes upon rare birds, that this section abounds. In the succeeding chapter, where the author discusses "The Cause of the Migratory Movement," after carefully examining the various theories propounded by modern naturalists of standard authority—such as "cold," "scarcity of food" and "hereditary instinct"—he at last confesses that, with regard to this question of "the immediate cause of the departure of birds in all their migrations," we are confronted with a riddle which has hitherto defied every attempt at a solution, and of which we can hardly ever expect to receive a final explanation.

The concluding short chapter, which deals with "Changes in the Color of the Plumage of Birds without Moulting," stands rather apart from the preceding sections, but, though it traverses some well-known ground, it has that special individuality about it which marks all the work of an original and careful observer, whose exact descriptions are the result of what he himself saw and handled. The changes of color without moulting, of which he treats, are those that occur as spring draws near, and the season of courtship, nesting and breeding stirs the feathered hosts to new life and gayer robes. These changes are not merely of a few feathers, a touch of scarlet on the breast, of gold on the head, or of white or crimson on the wing; but, in some cases, a positive and most striking mutation of pure snowy white into an intense, glossy black, as displayed in the neck and head of the little gull, the upper breast of the white and pied wagtails, and the dunlin. And of this remarkable change Doctor Gatke gives a minute explanation—not, we think, to be found elsewhere:—

This curious and startling phenomenon is brought about in the following manner: Commencing below, at what afterwards marks the line of separation between the black and white markings, the color appears at first in scarcely perceptible dots of pure black at the extreme tips of the separate barbs of each feather—the lower portion of the edge being the first to be affected, and thus acquiring a narrow border of extremely fine black specks. By degrees these edges increase in breadth until the black color, extending towards the roots of the feathers, finally comes to be spread over their whole surface. The whole change of coloring at the particular part of the body likewise proceeds in an upward direction, so that transitional stages of the change are to be seen during the whole course of its progress.

The remaining four hundred and twenty pages of this remarkable record of birds and bird life are occupied with an elaborate description of each of the three hundred and ninety-eight visitors

met with by the doctor during his long and arduous labors through half a century. These comprise some birds rarely seen elsewhere, and a still larger number that never visit Britain. Taken in round numbers, the list of British birds, including more than one hundred of rare occurrence, does not amount to more than three hundred and sixty-one, which have been thus classified:—

Resident all the year	140
Summer visitors	63
Winter visitors	48
Capricious and rare visitors . . .	110
	361

Here, therefore, we have another proof, not only that Heligoland stands supreme as an observatory of bird life, but also of Doctor Gatke's unwearied labor through fifty years of patient observation. Every bird in his long catalogue is described at greater or less length with the careful and trustworthy fulness of detail that can result only from personal and original handling. The result is that his separate "Account of the Birds Observed in Heligoland" makes so far a complete hand-book for the young student of ornithology, in a compact and convenient form. Before taking leave of Doctor Gatke, we select one final passage from the Catalogue of Birds, as an example of his general style. In describing the short-toed lark (*Alauda Brachydactyla*), he says:—

Formerly, hardly a year passed without this pretty little lark being observed here at the end of May or June. During the time I have been collecting it has passed through my hands about thirty times. The examples obtained in summer—which undoubtedly come from Greece and Asia Minor—are always more ferruginous, especially the males, than those shot here in October and November. The predominant color of the upper parts of the October birds is a pale, dull clay-yellow, the under side being almost of a pure white, suffused on the sides of the upper breast and flanks with the coloring of the back; while in birds coming from the southeast, the prevailing color is of a pale, ferruginous cast throughout.

There is a remarkable difference in the sizes of the autumn arrivals. Some did not exceed five inches in length, while one shot in November, 1870, measured upwards of six; the wing of the first measuring 3.26 inches, and the tail 1.96 inches; that of the second being 3.78 inches, and the tail 2.56. I kept one of these little birds in a cage for more than a year; it having been stunned by a very light shot that grazed the back of its head; but it soon recovered, and became wondrously tame. In the autumn it underwent a complete moult, managed to get safely through the winter, sang heartily during the spring, but, to my regret, died at the beginning of summer. I fed it on canary seed, which, like the Lapland bunting in the next cage, it used to peel before eating; its song being much more like that of a bunting than a skylark. Heligoland is the extreme northern limit up to which it has been observed as an exceptional visitor.

Doctor Gatke's final paragraph, in closing his labors, may well serve us in parting with a writer to whom we have owed many hours of pleasant reading.

It is not [he declares] without a feeling of sadness that I take leave of those dear companions of many years, whose voices, many and familiar, have come down to me like friendly greetings from the heights above during many a late hour of night spent over these pages; whilst over the skylight of the room, at once my studio and museum, their countless hosts were speeding onward to their distant homes. May these records be a welcome gift to all my fellow-workers; and with this aspiration I lay down my pen on this 19th day of May, 1890, being my seventy-seventh birthday.

JOHN SPLENDID,¹
THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER VII.

CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

The Highlanders of Lochaber, as the old saying goes, "pay their daughters"

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tocher by the light of the Michaelmas moon." Then it was that they were wont to come over our seven hills and seven waters to help themselves to our cattle when the same were at their fatest and best. It would be a skurry of bare knees down pass and brae, a ring of the robbers round the herd sheltering on the bieldy side of the hill or in the hollows among the ripe grass, a brisk change of shot and blow if alarm rose, and then hie! over the moor by Macfarlane's lantern.

This Michaelmas my father put up a *buaile-mhart*, a square fold of wattle and whinstone, into which the herdsmen drove the lowing beasts at the mouth of every evening, and took turn about in watching them throughout the clear season. It was perhaps hardly needed, for indeed the men of Lochaber and Glenfalloch and the other dishonest regions around us were too busy dipping their hands in the dirty work of Montrose and his Irish major-general to have any time for their usual autumn's recreation. But a *buaile-mhart* when shifted from time to time in a field is a profitable device in agriculture, and custom had made the existence of it almost a necessity to the sound slumber of our glens. There was a pleasant habit, too, of neighbors gathering at night about a fire within one of the spaces of the fold and telling tales and singing songs. Our whole West Country is full of the most wonderful stories one might seek in vain for among the world of books and scholars—of giants and dwarfs, fairies, wizards and water-horse and sea-maiden. The most unlikely-looking peasant that ever put his foot to a *caschrom*, the most uncouth hunter that ever paunched a deer, would tell of such histories in the most scrupulous language and with cunning regard for figure of speech. I know that nowadays, among people of esteemed cultivation in the low country and elsewhere, such a diversion might be thought a waste of time, such narratives a sign of superstition. Of that I am not so certain. The practice, if it did no more, gave wings to our most sombre hours, and put a point on the imagination. As for the superstition of

the tales of *ceilidh* and *buaile-mhart* I have little to say. Perhaps the dullest among us scarce credited the giant and dwarf; but the Little Folks are yet on our topmost hills.

A doctor laughed at me once for an experience of my own at the Piper's Knowe, in which any man, with a couenant ear close to the grass, may hear fairy tunes piped in the under-world.

"A trick of the senses," said he.

"But I can bring you scores who have heard it!" said I.

"So they said of every miracle since time began," said he; "it but proves the widespread folly and credulity of human nature."

I protested I could bring him to the very spot or whistle him the very tunes; but he was busy, and wondered so sedate a man as myself could cherish so strange a delusion.

Our fold on Elrigmore was in the centre of a flat meadowland that lies above Dhu Loch, where the river winds among rush and willow-tree, a constant whisperer of love and the distant hills and the salt, inevitable sea. There we would be lying under moon and star, and beside us the cattle deeply breathing all night long. To the simple tale of old, to the humble song, these circumstances gave a weight and dignity they may have wanted elsewhere. Never a teller of tale or a singer of song so artless in that hour and mood of nature, but he hung us breathless on his every accent: we were lone inhabitants of a little space in a magic glen, and the great world outside the flicker of our fire hummed untenanted and empty through the jealous night.

It happened on a night of nights—as the saying goes—that thus we were gathered in the rushy flat of Elrigmore and our hearts easy as to reiver—for was not MacCallein scourging them over the north?—when a hint came to us of a strange end to these Lorn wars, and of the last days of the Lord of Argile. A night with a sky almost pallid, freckled with sparkling stars; a great moon with a *broch* or aureole round it, rolling in the east, and the scent of fern and heather thick upon the air.

We had heard many stories, we had joined in a song or two, we had set proverb and guess and witty saying round and round, and it was the young morning when through the long grass to the fold came a band of strangers. We were their equal in numbers, whatever their mission might be, and we waited calmly where we were, to watch.

The bulk of them stood back from the pin-fold wall, and three of them came forward and put arms upon the topmost divots, so that they could look in and see the watchers gathered round the fire.

"*Co tha'n sud's an uchd air a bhualle?*" ("Who is there leaning on the fold?") asked one of our men, with a long bow at stretch in his hands.

He got no answer from any of the three strangers, who looked ghastly eerie in their silence on the wall.

"*Mar freagar sibh mise bithidh m'in-thaidh alg an fhear as gile broilleach agalbh!*" ("My arrow's for the whitest breast, if ye make no answer"), said my man, and there was no answer.

The string twanged, the arrow sped, and the stranger with the white breast fell—shot through her kerchief. For she was a woman of the clan they name Macaulay, children of the mist, a luckless dame that, when we rushed out to face her company, they left dying on the field.

They were the robber widows of the clan, a gang then unknown to us, but namely now through the west for their depredations when the absence of their men in battles threw them upon their own resource.

And she was the oldest of her company, a half-witted creature we grieved at slaying, but reptile in her malice, for as she lay passing, with the blood oozing to her breast, she reviled us with curses that overran each other in their hurry from her foul lips.

"Dogs! dogs!—heaven's worst ill on ye, dogs!" she cried, a waeful spectacle, and she spat on us as we carried her beside the fire to try and staunch her wound. She had a fierce knife at her waist, and would have used it had she the chance, but we removed it from her

reach, and she poured a fresher, fuller stream of malediction.

Her voice at last broke and failed to a thin, piping whisper, and it was then—with the sweat on her brow—she gave the hint I speak of, the hint of the war's end and the end of MacCalein Mor.

"Wry-mouths, wry-mouths!" said she; "I see the heather above the myrtle on Lhinne-side, and MacCalein's head on a post."

That was all.

It is a story you will find in no books, and yet a story that has been told sometime or other by every fireside of the shire—not before the prophecy was fulfilled but after, when we were loosed from our bonded word. For there and then we took oath on steel to tell no one of the woman's saying till the fulness of time should justify or disgrace the same.

Though I took oath on this melancholy business like the rest, there was one occasion, but a day or two after, that I almost broke my pledged word, and that to the lady who disturbed my Sunday worship and gave me so much reflection on the hunting-road. Her father, as I have said, came up often on a Saturday and supped his curds-and-cream and grew cheery over a Dutch bottle with my father, and one day, as luck had it, Betty honored our poor doorstep. She came so far, perhaps, because our men and women were at work on the field I mention, whose second crop of grass they were airing for the winter byres—a custom brought to the glen from foreign parts, and with much to recommend it.

I had such a trepidation at her presence that I had almost lied on some poor excuse to the hill; but the provost, who perhaps had made sundry calls in the bye-going at houses farther down the glen, and was in a mellow humor, jerked a finger over his shoulder towards the girl as she stood hesitating in the hall after a few words with my father and me, and said, "I've brought you a good harvester here, Collin, and she'll give you a day's darg for a kiss."

I stammered a stupid comment that the wage would be well earned on so

warm a day, and could have choked, the next moment, at my rusticity.

Mistress Betty colored and bit her lip.

"Look at the hussy!" said her father again, laughing with heaving shoulders. "'Where shall we go to-day on our rounds?' said I; 'Where but to Elrigmore,' said she; 'I have not seen Colin for an age!' Yet I'll warrant you thought the cunning jade shy of a gentleman soldier! Ah, those kirtles, those kirtles! I'll give you a word of wisdom, sir, you never learned in Glasgow Hie Street nor in the army."

I looked helplessly after the girl, who had fled, incontinent, to the women at work in the field.

"Well, sir," I said, "I shall be pleased to hear it. If it has any pertinence to the harvesting of a second crop it would be welcome."

My father sighed. He never entered very heartily into diversion nowadays—small wonder!—so the provost laughed on with his counsel.

"You know very well it has nothing to do with harvesting nor harrowing," he cried; "I said kirtles, didn't I! And you needn't be so coy about the matter; surely to God you never learned modesty at your trade of sacking towns. Many a wench—"

"About this counsel," I put in; "I have no trick or tale of wenchcraft beyond the most innocent. And beside, sir, I think we were just talking of a lady who is your daughter."

Even in his glass he was the gentleman, for he saw the suggestion at once.

"Of course, of course, Colin," he said hurriedly, coughing in a confusion. "Never mind an old fool's haivering." Then said he again, "There's a boy at many an old man's heart. I saw you standing there and my daughter was yonder, and it just came over me like the verse of a song that I was like you when I courted her mother. My sorrow! it looks but yesterday, and yet here's an old done man! Folks have been born and married (some of them) and died since syne, and I've been going through life with my eyes shut to my own antiquity. It came on me like a flash three minutes ago, that this gross

oldster, sitting of a Saturday sipping the good *aqua* of Elrigmore, with a pendulous waistcoat and a wrinkled hand, is not the lad whose youth and courtship you put me in mind of."

"Stretch your hand, provost, and fill your glass," said my father. He was not merry in his later years, but he had a hospitable heart.

The two of them sat dumb a space, heedless of the bottle or me, and at last, to mar their manifest sad reflections, I brought the provost back to the topic of his counsel.

"You had a word of advice," I said, very softly. There was a small tinge of pleasure in my guess that what he had to say might have reference to his daughter.

"Man! I forget now," he said, rousing himself. "What were we on?"

"Harvesting," said father.

"No, sir; kirtles," said I.

"Kirtles—so it was," said the provost. "My wife at Betty's age, when I first sought her company, was my daughter's very model, in face and figure."

"She was a handsome woman, provost," said my father.

"I can well believe it," said I.

"She is that to-day," cried the provost, pursing his lips and lifting up his chin in a challenge. "And I learned one thing at the courting of her which is the gist of my word of wisdom to you, Colin. Keep it in mind till you need it. It's this: There's one thing a woman will put up with blandly in every man but the one man she has a notion of, and that's the absence of conceit about himself or her."

In the field by the river, the harvesters sat at a midday meal, contentedly eating their bannock and cheese. They were young folks all, at the age when toil and plain living but give a zest to the errant pleasures of life. So they filled their hour of leisure with gallivanting among the mown and gathered grass.

Let no one, remembering the charm of an autumn field in his youth, test its cheerfulness when he has got up in years. For he will find it lying under a sun less genial than then; he will fret at

some influence lost; the hedges tall and beautiful will have turned to stunted boundaries upon his fancy; he will ache at the heart at the memory of those old careless crops and reapers when he sits, a poor man or wealthy, among the stubble of grass and youth.

As I lay on the shady side of an alder bank watching our folk at their gambols, I found a serenity that again set me at my ease with the provost's daughter. I gathered even the calmness to invite her to sit beside me, and she made no demur.

"You are short of reapers, I think, by the look of them," she said; "I miss some of the men who were here last year."

They were gone with MacCaillein, I explained, as paid volunteers.

"Oh! those wars!" she cried sadly. "I wish they were ended. Here are the fields, good crops, food and happiness for all; why must men be fighting?"

"Ask your Highland heart," said I. "We are children of strife."

"In my heart," she replied, "there's but love for all. I toss sleepless, at night, thinking of the people we know—the good, kind, gallant, merry lads we know—waging savage battle for something I never had the wit to discover the meaning of."

"The Almighty's order—we have 'been at it from the birth of time."

"So old a world might have learned," she said, "to break that order when they break so many others. Is his lordship likely to be back soon?"

"I wish he might be," said I, with a dubious accent, thinking of the heather above the myrtle and MacCaillein's head on a post. "Did you hear of the Macaulay beldame shot by Roderick?"

"Yes," she said; "an ugly business! What has that to do with MacCaillein's home-coming?"

"Very little indeed," I answered, recalling our bond; "but she cursed his lordship and his army with a zeal that was alarming, even to an old soldier of Sweden."

"God ward all evil!" cried Betty in a passion of earnestness. "You'll be glad

to see your friend M'Iver back, I make no doubt."

"Oh! he's an old hand at war, madam; he'll come safe out of this by his luck and skill, if he left the army behind him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said she, smiling.

"What?" I cried in raffiery; "would you be grateful for so poor a balance left of a noble army?"

And she reddened and smiled again, and a servant cried us in to the dinner-table.

In spite of the Macaulay prophecy, MacCaillein and his men came home in the fulness of time. They came with the first snow-storm of winter, the clan in companies down Glenaora and his lordship roundabout by the Lowlands, where he had a mission to the Estates. The war, for the time, was over, a truce of a kind was patched up, and there was a cheerful prospect—too briefly ours—that the country would settle anon to peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BALE-FIRES ON THE BENS.

Hard on the heels of the snow came a frost that put shackles on the very wind. It fell black and sudden on the country, turning the mud floors of the poorer dwellings into iron that rang below the heel, though the peat-free burned by day and night, and Loch Finne, lying flat as a girdle from shore to shore, visibly crisped and curdled into ice on the surface in the space of an afternoon. A sun almost genial to look at, but with no warmth at the heart of him, rode among the white hills that looked doubly massive with their gullies and corries, for ordinary black or green, lost in the general hue; and at midday bands of little white birds would move over the country from the north, flapping weakly to a warmer clime. They might stay a little, some of them, deceived by the hanging peat-smoke into the notion that somewhere here were warmth and comfort; but the cold searched them to the core, and such as did not die on the roadside took up their dismal voyaging anew.

The very deer came down from the

glens — *cabarfeidh* stags, hinds and prancing roes. At night we could hear them bellowing and snorting as they went up and down the street in herds from Ben Bhree or the barren sides of the Black Mount and Dalness in the land of Bredalbane, seeking the shore and the travellers' illusion—the content that's always to come. In those hours, too, the owls seemed to surrender the fir-woods and come to the junipers about the back-doors, for they keened in the darkness, even on, woeful warders of the night, telling the constant hours.

'Twas in these bitter nights, shivering under blanket and plaid, I thought ruefully of foreign parts, of the frequented towns I had seen elsewhere, the cleanly paved streets, swept of snow, the sea-coal fires, and the lanterns swinging over the crowded causeways, signs of friendly interest and companionship. Here were we, poor peasants, in a waste of frost and hills, cut off from the merry folks sitting by fire and flame at ease! Even our gossiping, our *ceilidh* in each other's houses, was stopped; except in the castle itself no more the song and story, the pipe and trump.

In the morning when one ventured abroad he found the deer-slot dimpling all the snow on the street, and down at the shore, unfeared of man, would be solitary hinds, widows and rovers from their clans, sniffing eagerly over to the Cowal hills. Poor beasts! poor beasts! I've seen them in their madness take to the ice for it when it was little thicker than a groat, thinking to reach the oak-woods of Ardyline. For a time the bay at the river mouth was full of long-tailed ducks, that at a whistle almost came to your hand, and there, too, came flocks of wild-swan, flying in wedges, trumpeting as they flew. Fierce otters quarrelled over their eels at the mouth of the Black Burn that flows underneath the town and out below the Tolbooth to the shore, or made the gloaming melancholy with their doleful whistle. A roebuck in his winter jacket of mouse-brown fur died one night at my relative's door, and a sea-eagle gorged himself so upon the carcass that at morning he could not flap a wing, and fell a

ready victim to a knock from my staff.

The passes to the town were head-high with drifted snow, our warders at the heads of Aora and Shira could not themselves make out the road, and the notion of added surety this gave us against Antrim's Irishmen was the only compensation for the ferocity of nature.

In three days the salt loch, in that still and ardent air, froze like a fishpond, whereupon the oddest spectacle ever my country-side saw was his that cared to rise at morning to see it. Stags and hinds in tremendous herds, black cattle, too, from the hills, trotted boldly over the ice to the other side of the loch, that in the clarity of the air seemed but a mile off. Behind them went skulking foxes, pole-cats, badgers, cowering hares and bead-eyed weasels. They seemed to have a premonition that Famine was stalking behind them, and they fled over luckless woods and fields like rats from a sinking ship.

To Master Gordon I said one morning as we watched a company of dun heifers mid-way on the loch, "This is an ill omen or I'm sore mistaken."

He was not a man given to superstitions, but he could not gainsay me. "There's neither hip nor haw left in our woods," he said; "birds I've never known absent here in the most eager winters are gone, and wild-eyed strangers, their like never seen here before, tamely pick crumbs at my very door. Signs! signs! It beats me sometimes to know how the brute scents the circumstance to come, but—what's the Word? —'Not a sparrow shall fall.'"

We fed well on the wild meat driven to our fireside, and to it there never seemed any end, for new flocks took up the tale of the old ones, and a constant procession of fur and feather moved across our white prospect. Even the wolf—from Benderloch no doubt—came baying at night at the empty gibbets at the town-head, that spoke of the law's suspense.

Only in Castle Inneraora was there anything to be called gayety. Mac-Cailein fumed at first at the storm that kept his letters from him and spoiled the laburnums and elms he was coaxing to

spring about his garden; but soon he settled down to his books and papers, ever his solace in such homely hours as the policy and travel of his life permitted. And if the burgh was dull and dark, night after night there was merriment over the drawbrig of the castle. It would be on the 10th or the 15th of the month I first sampled it. I went up with a party from the town and neighborhood, with their wives and daughters, finding an atmosphere wondrous different from that of the cooped and anxious tenements down below. Big logs roared behind the fire-dogs, long candles and plenty lit the hall, and pipe and harp went merrily. Her ladyship had much of the French manner—a dainty dame with long, thin face and bottle shoulders, attired always in Saxon fashion, and indulgent in what I then thought a wholesome levity, that made up for the Gruamach husband. And she thought him, honestly, the handsomest and noblest in the world, though she rallied him for his overmuch sobriety of deportment. To me she was very gracious, for she had liked my mother, and I think she planned to put me in the way of the provost's daughter as often as she could.

When his lordship was in his study, our daffing was in Gaelic, for her ladyship, though a Morton, and only learning the language, loved to have it spoken about her. Her pleasure was to play the harp—a clarsach of great beauty, with Iona carving on it—to the singing of her daughter Jean, who knew all the songs of the mountains and sang them like the bird. The town girls, too, sang, Betty a little shyly, but as daintily as her neighbors, and we danced a reel or two to the playing of Parulig Dall, the blind piper. Venison and wine were on the board, and whiter bread than the town baxters afforded. It all comes back on me now—that lofty hall, the skins of seal and otter and of stag upon the floor, the flaring candles and the glint of glass and silver, the banners swinging upon the walls over devices of pike, gun and claymore—the same to be used so soon!

The castle, unlike its successor, sat

adjacent to the river-side, its front to the hill of Dunchuach on the north, and its back a stone-cast from the mercat cross and the throng street of the town. Between it and the river was the small garden consecrate to her ladyship's flowers, a patch of level soil, cut in dice by paths whose tiny pebbles and broken shells crunched beneath the foot at any other season than now when the snow covered all.

John Splendid, who was of our party, in a lull of the entertainment was looking out at the prospect from a window at the gable end of the hall, for the moon sailed high above Strome, and the outside world was beautiful in a cold and eerie fashion. Of a sudden he faced round and beckoned to me with a hardly noticeable toss of the head.

I went over and stood beside him. He was bending a little to get the top of Dunchuach in the field of his vision, and there was a puzzled look on his face.

"Do you see any light up yonder?" he asked, and I followed his query with a keen scrutiny of the summit, where the fort should be lying in darkness and peace.

There was a twinkle of light that would have shown fuller if the moonlight was less.

"I see a spark," I said, wondering a little at his interest in so small an affair.

"That's a pity," said he, in a rueful key. "I was hoping it might be a private vision of my own, and yet I might have known my dream last night of a white rat meant something. If that's flame there's more to follow. There should be no lowe on this side of the fort after nightfall, unless the warders on the other side have news from the hills behind Dunchuach. In this matter of fire at night Dunchuach echoes Ben Bhuidhe or Ben Bhrec, and these two in their turn carry on the light of our friends farther ben in Bredalbane and Cruachan. It's not a state secret to tell you we were half feared some of our Antrim gentry might give us a call; but the Worst Curse on the pigs who come questing in such weather!"

He was glowering almost feverishly at the hill-top, and I turned round to see

that the busy room had no share in our apprehension. The only eyes I found looking in our direction were those of Betty, who, finding herself observed, came over, blushing a little, and looked out into the night.

"You were hiding the moonlight from me," she said with a smile, a remark which struck me as curious, for she could not see out at the window from where she sat.

"I never saw one who needed it less," said Splendid, and still he looked intently at the mount. "You carry your own with you."

Having no need to bend, she saw the top of Dunchuach whenever she got close to the window, and by this time the light on it looked like a planet, wan in the moonlight, but unusually large and angry.

"I never saw star so bright," said the girl, in a natural enough error.

"It's a challenge to your eyes, madam," retorted Splendid again, in a raillery wonderful considering his anxiety, and he whispered in my ear—"or to us to war."

As he spoke, the report of a big gun boomed through the frosty air from Dunchuach to the plain, and the beacon flashed up, tall, flaunting and unmistakable.

John Splendid turned into the hall and raised his voice a little, to say with no evidence of disturbance:—

"There's something amiss up the glens, your ladyship."

The harp her ladyship strummed idly on at the moment had stopped on a ludicrous and unfinished note, the hum of conversation ended abruptly. Up to the window the company crowded, and they could see the bale-fire blazing hotly against the cool light of the moon and the widely sprinkled stars. Behind them in a little came Argile, one arm thrust hurriedly in a velvet jacket, his hair in a disorder, the pallor of study on his cheek. He very gently pressed to the front, and looked out with a lowering brow at the signal.

"Aye, aye!" he said in the English, after a pause that kept the room more intent on his face than on the bale-fire.

"My old luck bides with me. I thought the weather guaranteed me a season's rest, but here's the claymore again! Alasdair, Craignish, Sir Donald, I wish you gentlemen would set the summons about with as little delay as need be. We have no time for any display of militant science, but as these beacons carry their tale fast we may easily be at the head of Glen Aora before the enemy is down Glenurchy."

Sir Donald, who was the eldest of the officers his lordship addressed, promised a muster of five hundred men in three hours' time. "I can have a *crois-tara*," he said, "at the very head of Glen Shirra in an hour."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said John Splendid; "Glen Shirra's awake by this time, for the watchers have been in the hut on Ben Bhuidhe since ever we came back from Lorn, and they are in league with other watchers at the Gearron town, who will have the alarm miles up the Glen by now if I make no mistake about the breed."

By this time a servant came in to say Sithean Sluadhe hill on Cowal was ablaze, and likewise the hill of Ardno above the Ardkinglas lands.

"The alarm will be over Argile in two hours," said his lordship. "We're grand at the beginnings of things," and as he spoke he was pouring, with a steady hand, a glass of wine for a woman in the tremors. "I wish to God we were better at the endings," he added, bitterly. "If these Athole and Antrim caterans have the secret of our passes, we may be rats in a trap before the morn's morning."

The hall emptied quickly, a commotion of folks departing rose in the courtyard, and candle and torch moved about. Horses put over the bridge at a gallop, striking sparks from the cobble-stones, swords jingled on stirrups. In the town, a piper's tune hurriedly lifted, and numerous lights danced to the windows of the burghers. John Splendid, the marquis and I were the only ones left in the hall, and the marquis turned to me with a smile:—

"You see your pledge calls for redemption sooner than you expected, Elrigmore. The enemy's not far from Ben

Bhuidhe now, and your sword is mine by the contract."

"Your lordship can count on me to the last ditch," I cried; and indeed I might well be ready, for was not the menace of war as muckle against my own hearth as against his?

"Our plan," he went on, "as agreed upon at a council after my return from the north, was to hold all above Inneraora in simple defence while lowland troops took the invader behind. Montrose or the MacDonalds can't get through our passes."

"I'm not cock-sure of that, MacClein," said Splendid. "We're here in the bottom of an ashet; there's more than one deserter from your tartan on the outside of it, and once they get on the rim they have, by all rules strategic, the upper hand of us in some degree. I never had much faith (if I dare make so free) in the surety of our retreat here. It's an old notion of our grandads that we could bar the passes."

"So we can, sir, so we can!" said the marquis, nervously picking at his buttons with his long, white fingers, the nails vexatiously polished and shaped.

"Against horse and artillery, I allow, surely not against Gaelic foot. This is not a wee foray of broken men, but an attack by an army of numbers. The science of war—what little I learned of it in the Low Countries with gentlemen esteemed my betters—convinces me that if a big enough horde fall on from the rim of our ashet, as I call it, they might sweep us into the loch like rats on."

I doubt MacClein Mor heard little of this uncheery criticism, for he was looking in a seeming blank abstraction out of the end window at the town lights increasing in number as the minutes passed. His own piper in the close behind the buttery had tuned up and into the gathering—

Bha mi air banais 'am bail' Inneraora.
Banais bu mhiosa bha riabh air an t-saoghal!

I felt the tune stir me to the core, and M'Iver, I could see by the twitch of his face, kindled to the old call.

"Curse them!" cried MacClein;

"Curse them!" he cried in the Gaelic, and he shook a white fist foolishly at the north: "I'm wanting but peace and my books. I keep my ambition in leash, and still and on they must be snapping like curs at Argile. God's name! and I'll crush them like ants on the ant-heap."

From the door at the end of the room, as he stormed, a little bairn toddled in, wearing a night-shirt—a curly, golden-haired boy with his cheeks like the apple for hue, the sleep he had risen from still heavy on his eyes. Seemingly the commotion had brought him from his bed, and up he now ran, and his little arms went round his father's knees. On my word I've seldom seen a man more vastly moved than was Archibald, Marquis of Argile. He swallowed his spittle as if it were wool, and took the child to his arms awkwardly, like one who has none of the handling of his own till they are grown up, and I could see the tear at the cheek he laid against the youth's ruddy hair.

"Wild men coming, dada?" said the child, not much out about after all.

"They shan't touch my little Illeasbuig," whispered his lordship, kissing him on the mouth. Then he lifted his head and looked hard at John Splendid. "I think," he said, "if I went post-haste to Edinburgh, I could be of some service in advising the nature and route of the harassing on the rear of Montrose. Or do you think—do you think—"

He ended in a hesitancy, flushing a little at the brow, his lips weakening at the corner.

John Splendid, at my side, gave me with his knee the least nudge on the leg next him.

"Did your lordship think of going to Edinburgh at once?" he asked, with an odd tone in his voice, and keeping his eyes very fixedly on a window.

"If it was judicious, the sooner the better," said the marquis, nuzzling his face in the soft warmth of the child's neck.

Splendid looked helpless for a bit, and then took up the policy that I learned later to expect from him in every similar case. He seemed to read (in truth it was easy enough!) what was in his mas-

ter's mind, and he said, almost with gayety:—

"The best thing you could do, my lord, Beyond your personal encouragement (and a chief's aye a consoling influence on the field, I'll never deny), there's little you could do here that cannot, with your pardon, be fairly well done by Sir Donald and myself, and Elrigmore here, who have made what you might call a trade of tulzie and brulzie."

MacCallein Mor looked uneasy for all this open assurance. He set the child down with an awkward kiss, to be taken away by a servant lass who had come after him.

"Would it not look a little odd?" he said, eyeing us keenly.

"Your lordship might be sending a trusty message to Edinburgh," I said; and John Splendid with a "Pshaw!" walked to the window, saying what he had to say with his back to the candle-light.

"There's not a man out there but would botch the whole business if you sent him," he said; "it must be his lordship or nobody. And what's to hinder her ladyship and the children going too? Snugger they'd be by far in Stirling Lodge than here, I'll warrant. If I were not an old runt of a bachelor, it would be my first thought to give my women and bairns safety."

MacCallein flew at the notion. "Just so, just so," he cried, and of a sudden he skipped out of the room.

John Splendid turned, pushed the door to after the nobleman, and in a soft voice broke into the most terrible torrent of bad language ever I heard (and I've known cavaliers of fortune free that way). He called his marquis everything but a man.

"Then why in the name of God do you egg him on to a course that a fool could read the poltroonery of? I never gave MacCallein Mor credit for being a coward before," said I.

"Coward!" cried Splendid. "It's no cowardice but selfishness—the disease, more or less, of us all. Do you think yon gentleman a coward? Then you do not know the man. I saw him once, empty-handed, in the forest, face the

white stag and beat it off a hunter it was goring to death; and they say he never blenched when the bonnet was shot off his head at Drimtyne, but jested with a 'Close on't: a nail-breadth more, and Colin was heir to an earlhood!'

"I'm sorry to think the worst of an Argile and a Campbell, but surely his place is here now."

"It is, I admit; and I egged him to follow his inclination because I'm a fool in one thing, as you'll discover anon—because it's easier and pleasanter to convince a man to do what he wants to do than to convince him the way he would avoid is the only right one."

"It's not an altogether nice quirk of the character," I said, dryly. It gave me something of a stroke to find so weak a bit in a man of so many notable parts.

He spunked up like tinder.

"Do you call me a liar?" he said, with a face as white as a clout, his nostrils stretching in his rage.

"Liar!" said I, "not I! It would be an ill time to do it with our common enemy at the door. A lie (as I take it in my own Highland fashion) is the untruth told for cowardice or to get a mean advantage of another: your way with MacCallein was but a foolish way (also Highland, I've noticed) of saving yourself the trouble of spurring up your manhood to put him in the right."

"You do me less than half justice," said Splendid, the blood coming back to his face, and him smiling again; "I allow I'm no preacher. If a man must to hell, he must, his own gait. The only way I can get into argument with him about the business is to fly in a fury. If I let my temper up I would call MacCallein coward to his teeth, though I know it's not his character. But I've been in a temper with my cousin before now, and I ken the stuff he's made of: he gets as cold as steel the hotter I get, and with the poorest of causes he could then put me in a black confusion—"

"But you—"

"Stop, stop! let me finish my tale. Do you know I put a fair face on the black business to save the man his own self-respect. He'll know himself his going looks bad without my telling him, and I

would at least leave him the notion that we were blind to his weakness. After all it's not much of a weakness—the wish to save a wife and children from danger. Another bookish disease, I admit; their over-much study has deadened the man to a sense of the becoming, and in an affair demanding courage he acts like a woman, thinking of his household when he should be thinking of his clan. My only consolation is that after all (except for the look of the thing) his leaving us little matters."

I thought different on that point, and I proved right. If it takes short time to send a fiery cross about, it takes shorter yet to send a naughty rumor, and the story that MacCaillein Mor and his folks were off in a hurry to the Lowlands was round the greater part of Argile before the clansmen mustered at Inneraora. They never mustered at all, indeed; for the chieftains of the small companies that came from Glen Finne and down the country no sooner heard that the marquis was off than they took the road back, and so Montrose and Colkitto MacDonald found a poltroon and deserted countryside awaiting them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF ROBERT
LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the common work of the world men drop and disappear; they pass out of the ranks and another fills the gap; worse men may succeed better, better men may succeed worse, but no place remains vacant, for the world's work must go on, and the sad proverb says there is no man indispensable. But with great artists the case is otherwise. They furnish something which, for ordinary uses, is wholly superfluous; or, to put it more truly, they create a need which no one but themselves can supply. Living, they give something inseparable from themselves, something which they alone have the secret of making; and dying, they leave nothing for others to suc-

ceed to but their example. And for that reason the death of a great artist before his work has been completed brings to those who value the work of artists the most intimate sense of personal loss. We lament the untimely death of Keats and Shelley as we do not lament for Pitt and Fox cut off in their prime; presumably because we cannot figure distinctly in our minds the work which those statesmen might have done in shaping the course of events, or in moulding the nation's character, but we know absolutely that another ten years added to the life of Keats or Shelley would have endowed us with many imperishable possessions. It is for this reason that hardly any death within a young man's memory has left such a blank as Stevenson's. Books there are in plenty, heaven knows, to amuse and instruct us if we want amusement or instruction; but those of us who care to distinguish among their pleasures know keenly the difference. Something has been denied us which we can very well live without indeed, but which can have no possible substitute; we are less rich than we hoped to find ourselves. It seems a strange thing to write thus of an author whose works in the collected edition make a range of seven-and-twenty substantial volumes; but though there was reason patent to everybody for a genuine grief when word reached us three years ago of Stevenson's sudden fate in Samoa, it is the publication of his unfinished works which has borne in upon us a really abiding and immeasurable regret. The "Vailima Letters" (written from Samoa to Mr. Sidney Colvin) appeared a year after their writer's death. These threw a strong light upon his methods of working, and explained not only his purposes, but his delays. They showed not only that Stevenson was conscious of these limitations which admirers had regrettfully acknowledged in his work; not only that he was anxious to overstep these limitations; but also that he was confident in the power of his matured art and widened vision to achieve, so far as any real artist can, the ideal which he set before himself.

And directly afterwards, for a confirmation ample and indisputable of his judgment, there was published the fragment of "Weir of Hermiston." There are other posthumous works of Stevenson's which this essay must take into account; but its essential purpose is to consider the light thrown by the "Vailima Letters" on Stevenson's conception of the scope which his own work as a novelist might receive, and to show how that conception was being realized in his unfinished masterpiece. Or to put the thing quite plainly: All Stevenson's admirers hoped continually during his life to see him do something greater than he ever accomplished. My contention is, firstly, that the "Vailima Letters" show why that expectation was so long in being fulfilled, and why his life in Samoa might reasonably have afforded fresh confidence to his friends; secondly, that "Weir of Hermiston," incomplete though it is, yet suffices to prove that within another year the expectation would have been answered beyond any ordinary limit of hope.

For in a sense this fragment is the completest thing that Stevenson ever did—the fullest expression of his art. "What we want with a book," said Carlyle, "is not the book, but the man behind the book." Now, in all Stevenson's work—travels, tales, essays, poems—before he went to Samoa, there was no single volume where one felt that the whole man was speaking. In the stories and novels we recognized perhaps the most skilful narrator who had written in English, and, more than that, an artist with the creative touch. In the essays and travels we became familiar with his singular and fascinating personality. But it was also obvious from them that the things which in life had most preoccupied this personality, and which had given to it its peculiar color, were not the things about which the story-teller chose to entertain us. Here was a man, for example, writing in "Virginibus Puerisque" the most eloquent and suggestive passages upon love, who nevertheless scarcely touched in his novels

the motive of sexual passion. Here again was a mind curious to probe behind the familiar facts of existence, and ordinary commonplaces of speech, quick to discover strange and novel significances in them; yet whose works, full of ethical problems though they were, hinged for the most part upon an issue to be decided by some violent and bloody arbitrament. Were we never to get from him a tale where the central conflict, however embellished it might be with picturesque episodes of action, should be a spiritual conflict? The profound thinker and minute analyst of conventional behavior whom we knew in the essays insisted upon giving us the romance of incident. Even in the "Master of Ballantrae," the wonderful narrative of the duel was remembered for itself as an episode rather than as expressing the relations between the two brothers. It seemed plainly within his range to give us a romance of more essential order—a romance primarily of emotions, not of incident. That was only possible if he should choose a subject where the need of inventing with probability what he had never seen, and of conjecturing emotions under imagined circumstances, should in some measure give place to the task of rendering in a dramatic form his own passions and sorrows. We wanted, in short, from him something deeper and fuller; something in more vital contact with the permanent and universal springs of romance; loves and hatreds in all their elemental grandeur, proceeding out of nature itself and not from the accidental relation of partisanship or conflict. It was only after Stevenson went to Samoa that his work became closely and obviously related to his own experiences; first, to his material environment; lastly, and in its highest development, to the spiritual adventures which had left their marks upon his youth.

The "Vailima Letters" contain, of course, much that is of extraordinary biographical interest, setting the man himself in the clearest light before us, but I have here only to write of the

artist, and need not touch upon his honorable and stimulating work in the islands. But it is essential to note that from the moment when he took up his residence in Samoa, the whole tenor of his existence changed. Reverting to the habits of his youth, he emerged finally, not indeed from the grip of disease, but from what he calls "the Land of Counterpane." Instead of being an invalid propped on sofas and cushions, or a seeker of health in the enforced idleness of sea-voyages, he became once more a man living mostly out-of-doors, capable of severe physical exertion and rewarded with the delightful weariness that follows it; weeding and clearing jungle on an estate of his own; a keeper of live stock, an employer of labor; crossing country on horseback; and, for a graver excitement, keenly concerned in the island politics, the strenuous champion of a weak native race against European encroachments; but still, even in action, something of a spectator, continually envisaging life from the same argumentative ethical standpoint as his heroes, one and all of them, adopt. A single instance will illustrate at once his activity and his intellectual attitude. The chief justice of the islands, Mr. Cedarcrantz, had in Stevenson's judgment come near to bring on a petty war; Stevenson was anxious to write to *The Times* and stir public opinion against the course pursued by the representatives of Germany; but Mr. Cedarcrantz happened to have left the island, and, moreover, was a personal friend. How is he to reconcile public duty with private loyalty?

Cedarcrantz is gone; it is not my fault; he knows my views on that point—alone of all points;—he leaves me with my mouth sealed. Yet this is a nice thing, that because he is guilty of a fresh offence—his flight—the mouth of the only possible influential witness should be closed? I do not like this argument. I look like a cad if I do in the man's absence what I could have done in a more manly manner in his presence. True; but why did he go? It is his last sin. And I, who like the man extremely—that is the word

—I love his society, he is intelligent, pleasant, even witty, a gentleman—and you know how that attaches—I loathe to seem to play a base part; but the poor natives—who are like other folk, false enough, lazy enough, not heroes, not saints, but ordinary men damnably misused—are they to suffer because I like Cedarcrantz, and Cedarcrantz has cut his lucky? This is a little tragedy, observe well—a tragedy! I may be right, I may be wrong in my judgment, but I am in treaty with my honor. Cedarcrantz will likely meet my wife three days from now, may travel back with her, will be charming if he does; suppose this, and suppose him to arrive and find that I have sprung a mine—or the nearest approach to it I could find—behind his back? My position is pretty—Yes, I am an aristocrat. I have the old petty personal view of honor? I should blush till I die, if I do this; yet it is on the cards that I may do it. . . . No clearness of mind with the morning. I have no guess what I should do. 'Tis easy to say that the public duty should brush aside these little considerations of personal dignity; so it is that politicians begin, and in a month you find them rat and flatter, and intrigue with brows of brass. I am rather of the old view that a man's first duty is to these little laws; the big he does not, he never will, understand; I may be wrong about the chief justice, and the baron, and the state of Samoa; I cannot be wrong about the vile attitude I put myself in if I blow the gaff on Cedarcrantz behind his back.

That suggests a very different atmosphere from any that is breathed in "the Land of Counterpane." Stevenson, it is true, though you shut him up in a room, had lived enough to be able to forge out of his brain an imaginary world, and set people contending in it; but all brain-spun visions must in the end grow thin and brittle unless the brain is fed from outside with perpetually renewed impressions. Here you had a man with the keenest desire to keep his flow of impressions bright and changing; infinitely preferring death to stagnation; and now, by a kind of reprieve, sent out from his sick room, where he was merely a looker-on and a hearer of second-hand recitals, to play his part on a stage, small indeed, but

strangely picturesque, and amply furnished with a display of the elemental passions. It was a complete release from literaryisms, and, as a release, Stevenson welcomed it for the good of his art.

When I was filling baskets all Saturday in my dull, mulish way, perhaps the slowest worker there, surely the most particular and the only one that never looked up or knocked off, I could not but think I should have been sent on exhibition as an example of young literary men. Here is how to learn to write, might be the motto.

The plunge back into civilization on a brief trip to Australia made him even more conscious of the difference.

Digito monstrari is a new experience; people all looked at me in the streets in Sydney, and it was very queer. Here, of course, I am only the white chief in the Great House to the natives; and to the whites, either an ally or a foe. It is a much healthier state of matters. If I lived in an atmosphere of adulation, I should end by kicking against the pricks. O my beautiful forest, O my beautiful windy house, what a joy it was to behold them again! No chance to take myself too seriously here.

Life about him was more varied and more emotional than it could well be in a civilized country. He saw islanders in revolt, sitting with Winchester rifles on their knees, and at the sight the aboriginal in him "knickered like a stallion." One feels in his letters almost a plethora of new impressions; his brain was overloaded with all this strangeness, and could not readily assimilate it. Give to a man so keenly participant in all the life about him a scene so varied, so beautiful and so exciting, in exchange for the monotony of a sick room; add health and vigor restored instead of a cripple's existence; and the strange thing would be if there were not a transformation. Stevenson was conscious of it himself, and even in the heavy depression which settled down on him before the end, he writes in the last of all these letters:—

I look forward confidently to an aftermath; I do not think my health can be so hugely improved without some subsequent improvement in my brains. Though of course there is the possibility that literature is a morbid secretion, and abhors health!

Health, unhappily, was as illusory as his dread of an exhausted vein. Three months after he wrote these words he died, while engaged upon "Weir of Hermiston," having gone back for the greatest efforts of his art to the scenes of his boyhood, but with a manner entirely altered. It is curious to note how gradual was the change in his style. The new world about him he first attempted to utilize for literature in a book of descriptive letters, which, after an incredible deal of hard labor, proved a failure and disappointment. But as he worked on it, there flashed into his head one day a story which, he says, "shot through me like a bullet in one of my moments of awe alone in that tragic jungle." It was not the descriptive writer nor the essayist who could give the soul of that strange island life, with its mixture of gentle savagery and buccaneering commerce; it was the writer of tales. This first story was the "Beach of Falesa," which marks a new development in his work. But the change was not complete. In "Catriona," Stevenson went back to his old style and old subjects. "The Wreckers" was a sort of compromise between the old and the new, and finally, in the "Ebbtide," the new material found for itself a new manner. Stevenson was doubtful at first of this "forced, violent, alembicated style;" the story was finished in bitterness of heart. "There it is, and about as grim a tale as was ever written, and as grimy and as hateful." But when the proofs came back he was of another mind. "I did not dream it was near as good; I am afraid I think it excellent. It gives me great hope, as I see I can work with that constipated, mosaic manner, which is what I have to do just now with "Weir of Hermiston."

"St. Ives" is again a compromise.

But "Weir," and what remains of the "Young Chevalier" and "Heathercat," are kindred in style to the "Ebbtide"—a style perfectly distinct from that of his earlier and lighter romances. Thus it would appear that the new way of life and new surroundings produced in him a new manner, which first formed itself in treatment of the new material, but received its highest and, unhappily, its latest expression in what remains of the great story that went back across many thousand miles of ocean to that confused huddle of grey, familiar hills.

One may gather up a few of Stevenson's own remarks upon the development of his art under these new conditions. Plainly the "Beach of Falesa"—first called the "High Woods of Ulufanua"—marked a turning point for him and opened a new field of success. Of it he writes:—

On a re-reading fell in love with my first chapter, and for good or evil I must finish it. It is really good, well fed with facts, true to the manners, and (for once in my works) rendered pleasing by the presence of a heroine who is pretty. Miss Uma is pretty—a fact. All my other women have been as ugly as sin, and, like Falconet's horse (I have just been reading the anecdote in Lockhart), *mortes forbye*.

What ails you, miserable man, to talk of saving material? *I have a whole world in my head, a whole new society to work, but I am in no hurry.*¹ I have just interrupted my letter, and read through the chapter of the "High Woods" that is written, a chapter and a bit, some sixteen pages, really very fetching, but what do you wish? The story is so wilful, so steep, so silly; it's a hallucination I have outlived, and yet I never did a better piece of work—horrid and pleasing and extraordinarily *true*; its sixteen pages of the South Seas; their essence. Golly, it's good. I am not shining by modesty; but I do just love the color and movement of that piece, so far as it goes.

There you have the artist in all the intoxication of beginning; but one sees that what fascinates him is the fulness of life, the quick answer to external

suggestion. Life has been pouring in sensations upon him, and out of them his brain is shaping something of its own, something new, quick and stirring. Naturally, doubts and despondencies arose afterwards in the toil of composition, but he never went back upon his judgment of this piece. And if you compare it with his earlier stories, say "Will o' the Mill" or even "Thrawn Janet," there is just the difference between vivid dreamland and reality. But having pleased himself he still has to count with the public, and they were shocked by his realism. He lifts his hands in horror over Mrs. Grundy.

The plaintive request sent to me to make the young folks married properly before "that night" I refused; you will see what would have been left of the yarn had I consented. This is a poison-Saxon world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world; I usually get out of it by not having any women in it at all; but when I remember I had the "Treasure of Franchard" refused as unfit for a family magazine, I feel despair weigh on my wrists.

There one has the explanation of a good deal in Stevenson. How to reconcile the necessity for selling his books with truth of presentment in the relations of man and woman as he saw them. He had for years solved the problem by evading it; for a conspicuous instance, in the "Master of Ballantrae," which is at the bottom a tale of jealousy, yet contains no suggestion of the sex attraction. But the fragment of his Samoan work shows plainly enough that he was entering on a new path in this matter; "Weir of Hermiston," had it been completed, would undoubtedly have shocked many susceptibilities; and here is a passage which shows that Stevenson was fully conscious of departing from his former reserve.

I have celebrated my holiday from "Samoa" (the "Footnote to History") by a plunge at the beginning of the "Young Chevalier." I am afraid my touch is a little broad in a love story; I can't mean one thing and write another. As for

¹ Italics mine.—S. G.

women, I am no more in any fear of them; I can do a sort all right; age makes me a little less afraid of a petticoat, but I am a little in fear of grossness. . . . The difficulty in a love yarn which dwells at all on love is the dwelling on one string; it is manifold, I grant, but the root fact is there unchanged, and the sentiment being very intense and already very much handled in letters, positively calls for a little pawing and gracing. With a writer of my prosaic literalness and pertinency of points of view, this all shoves toward grossness—positively even toward the far more damnable *closeness*. This has kept me off the sentiment hitherto, and now I am to try; Lord! Of course Meredith can do it, and so could Shakespeare; but with all my romance, I am a realist and a prosaist, and a most fanatical lover of plain physical sensations plainly and expressly rendered; hence my perils. To do love in the same spirit as I did (for instance) D. Balfour's fatigue in the heather, my dear sir, there were grossness ready-made! And hence, how to sugar?

The tale of which he speaks here never got beyond the introductory episode (now printed in the Edinburgh edition), and certainly that is steeped strong enough in passion—the uncommon passion of a woman for a man who has never spoken a word of love to her. But not less certainly it is free from the least touch of grossness. Stevenson, however, knew that the glamor of sex is absorbing in youth, and that a young man's novel, if it treats of this passion at all, is apt to represent the universe through a veil of passion. Probably he felt that, now age had made him feel less afraid of a petticoat, he was free also from the fascination; he could treat the motive frankly without giving it undue prominence. The love scenes in "Weir of Hermiston" are almost unsurpassable, but the central interest of the story lies elsewhere, in the relations between father and son. Whatever the cause, the fact is clear that in the last years of his life Stevenson recognized in himself an ability to treat subjects which he had hitherto avoided, and was thus no longer under the necessity of de-

taching fragments from life. Before this, he had largely confined himself to the adventures of roving men where women make no entrance; or if he treated of a settled family group, the result was what we see in the "Master of Ballantrae," which, as he observes, "lacked all pleasurableness, and hence was imperfect in essence."

It is necessary to say something of the less important among the posthumous works before proceeding to discuss "Weir." No account need be taken here of those early compositions which were, for the first time, issued in the Edinburgh edition: my concern is with those tales upon which Stevenson was engaged during his residence in Samoa, and which did not appear till after his death. The longest of these is the novel "St. Ives," which has been published as a complete story, Mr. Quiller Couch having written the last few chapters after an outline supplied by Mrs. Strong, who acted as Stevenson's amanuensis.

A passing word is due to the excellence of Mr. Couch's reproduction of Stevenson's manner, and indeed to the skill with which he discharged the most trying task conceivable. Of the novel itself its author has no high opinion. "I will ask you to spare 'St. Ives' when it goes to you," he wrote; "it is a sort of 'Count Robert of Paris.' But I hope rather a 'Dombe' and Son' to be succeeded by 'Our Mutual Friend' and 'Great Expectations' and 'A Tale of Two Cities.'" And certainly the book seems to me among the weakest of its author's productions, though containing one chapter which any novelist might envy him: the episode of the old French colonel who had broken his parole to return to his dying daughter. The story, begun in good spirits, was carried through in a kind of desperation by a man in failing health and wearied of his subject; at one period he was reduced to dictating it in the deaf and dumb alphabet. But suppose anyone else had written it: should we not all be crying out, Have you read "St. Ives?" Suppose the style came on us

as a surprise instead of being a manner not only made familiar by its creator for a space of twenty years, but echoed in the writings of almost every talent among the younger generation. Apart from the style, it is extremely uncharacteristic of a novelist whose chief merit had often lain in his construction. It is a good example of the *picaresque* tale, a series of episodes connected merely by a single personality, a kind of novel not without illustrious precedent, but essentially inferior to that with a developed plot.

Much beyond "St. Ives" in importance is the volume of poems entitled "Songs of Travel," but that cannot be adequately discussed here; nor does there seem to be the same cleavage between Stevenson's later and earlier work in verse as between the Samoan novels and their predecessors. There is no doubt, however, that it adds very materially to his claim to rank as a poet; the best poems in it are, in my judgment, the best he ever wrote. The only other completed work which I have to deal with is the series of fables now issued in a volume with the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." They are interesting reading, but people who like a meaning made quite plain will not take kindly to the more elaborate among them, and, upon the whole, they must be reckoned among his failures. This is surprising enough. We are frequently told that Stevenson squandered the material of many admirable essays—the time, thought and energy which should have gone to enrich our language with something really worthy of his genius—upon mere narrative fiction. Now as Stevenson was a highly original thinker, with an amazing skill in expressing his thought, and also, by consent even of those who disapprove of its exercise, endowed with the gift of narration, one would suppose that the two sets of qualities might have combined in the philosophic fable. They certainly did once so combine in the allegory of Jekyll and Hyde. But in that allegory the storyteller was uppermost; he had the moralizer well in hand; whereas in

the "Fables" there is perhaps a slight ascendancy of what Mr. Henley called "the shorter catechist," and fascinating as they are, posterity will probably regret the time spent upon these things, if it thinks that it might have had in exchange a few more chapters, let us say, of "Heatnercat." I confess that nothing in contemporary criticism surprises me more than the persistence with which excellent critics—of whom Mr. Gosse and Mr. Strachey are leading examples—rank Stevenson among born essayists who have been seduced into an uncongenial vocation. Mr. Gosse, I am glad to see, has the grace to make an exception for "Weir of Hermiston," but he surely must have reflected that a man does not arrive at writing novels of that order without having either made a good many failures or achieved only smaller successes. Stevenson was singularly just in the measure of his own powers, and did not attempt the grand style till he felt himself mature; but, as a matter of fact, few novelists have accomplished work of the first class at an earlier age than forty, and Stevenson, who was by no means a precocious nature, died at forty-four. Mr. Strachey will not have any of these compromises. Stevenson wrote novels, he says, that were not quite good enough; he would have done better to write essays, which would have attained to the first quality.

One would urge against these critics that the natural bent of a man's mind is the indication he should follow, and that Stevenson—at least in the "Vailima Letters"—shows himself exclusively preoccupied with tales. Life in Samoa presents itself to him as a background for stories, and—a fact not less significant—he presented himself to the Samoans as Tusitala, "the teller of tales." That he was a great essayist no one is likely to deny; it is also possible that had he written no novels he would have written still greater essays. But what appears not less obvious is that creative work ranks higher in value than work which is not creative. Goldsmith's "Man in Black" and the rest are delightful, but how do they

stand beside the "Vicar of Wakefield?" Fielding, no doubt, would have written admirable essays, so would Sterne, but do we regret that instead they created Squire Weston and Uncle Toby, putting their humorous commentary on life into a concrete embodiment? Is the "Elbtide" less suggestive of thought than the essays in "Virginibus Puerisque?" Only those will think so who insist upon having moral lessons put into the form of positive precepts. Granted that the present day has need of moral teachers; granted that Stevenson, had he addressed himself to the work, would have been a lay preacher, most persuasive, eloquent and stimulating: for my own part I am glad he followed the method congenial to his nature, which enabled him to develop all his gifts harmoniously. Take, for instance, what is left of "Heathercat;" a very few pages; yet there you have unmistakably stamped the pathetic figure of Traquair of Montroymont. Traquair was a man of strong affections, but of no great religious ardor; it was in the "killing times;" and he was married to a woman who persisted in attending conventicles and harboring unlicensed divines. She was sentenced to imprisonment; he got leave to go to jail in place of her, and only came out to find that she had profited by his confinement to fly more boldly than ever in the face of the law, counting it the first duty in the world to assert her religious opinions. He, being a soft-natured man, unequally matched with a termagant, submitted, and saw daily his paternal estate, every stick and stone of it part and parcel of his own existence, melting away daily under the fines; worse still, found his own son taught to carry messages and cheat his father's vigilance. Is not that a more pregnant handling of the seamy side of fanatical virtue than any express discussion? I quote from it this dialogue between father and son over a fencing lesson:—

But this day Francie's heart was not in the fencing.

"Sir," says he, suddenly lowering his

point, "will ye tell me a thing if I was to ask it?"

"Ask away," says the father.

"Well, it's this," said Francie, "why do you and me comply if it's so wicked?"

"Ay, ye hae the cant of it too," cries Montroymont. "But I'll tell ye for all that. It's to try and see if we can keep the rigging on this house, Francie. If she had her way we would be beggar-folk and hold out our hands by the wayside. When ye hear her—when ye hear folk," he corrected himself briskly, "call me a coward and one that betrayed the Lord, and I kenna what else, just mind it was to keep a bed to ye to sleep in and a bite for ye to eat. On guard!" he cried, and the lesson proceeded again till they were called in to supper.

"There's another thing yet," said Francie, stopping his father. "There's another thing yet that I am not sure that I am very caring for. She—she sends me erands."

"Obey her, then, as is your bounden duty," said Traquair.

"Ay, but wait till I tell ye?" says the boy. "If I was to see you, I was to hide."

Montroymont sighed. "Well, and that's good of her, too," said he. "The less that I hear of their doings, the better for me; and the best thing you can do is just to obey her and see and be a good son to her, the same as ye are to me, Francie."

At the tenderness of this expression the heart of Francie swelled within his bosom and his remorse was poured out. "Faither," he cried, "I said 'dell,' to-day; many's the time I said it and 'damnable,' too, and 'hellish.' I ken they're all right; they're beebleical. But I didna say them beebleically. I said them for swair words—that's the truth o't."

"Hout, ye silly bairn," said the father, "dinna do it nae mair and come in ben to your supper." And he took the boy and drew him close to him a moment as they went through the door, with something very fond and secret, like a caress between two lovers.

Does a passage like that give less of Stevenson's style, or less of Stevenson's outlook on life, than even the best of his essays? Would Mr. Strachey or Mr. Gosse not sooner have written that than even "The Lantern Bearers?" Does it not give a still more sympa-

thetic insight into the soul of boyhood than the wonderful abstract study which I have just named?

Take another and much closer comparison. In "Lay Morals"—a work sketched out in 1879, but posthumously published—there is a remarkable passage where Stevenson describes his own youthful troubles of conscience—for the "friend" whose case he cites can surely have been no other than himself. At all events, he cites the case of an idle youth, "the son of a man in a certain position and well-off," who, although he contentedly practised certain irregularities of conduct, of which, no doubt, his father amongst others would have bitterly disapproved, yet alienated himself from his friends by a scruple. He could not acquiesce, he felt, in the world's injustice which gave to him, the idle and undeserving, a permanent advantage over his betters in acquirements and industry. This pricking of conscience did not goad him into any resolute action by which he might pay back to mankind some equivalent for the wages which he received for doing nothing. On the contrary, he "was only unsettled and disengaged, and filled full of that trumpeting anger with which young men regard injustices in the first blush of youth;" and it was not until after some years, and after he had for a good while "thought too much of himself, and too little of his parents," that he fell into his place in the world's regiment of workers. Now it will be allowed that all this is very interesting; whether one takes it as an admonition to do the duty that lies nearest, or as a casuistic interpretation of the command *Thou shalt not steal into Thou shalt not take what thou hast not earned.* But compare this moralizing casuistry with the work of his maturity, where kindred speculations, suggested by the experiences of his youth, are put into the far more eloquent language of drama.

For there can be no harm in saying that "Weir of Hermiston" owes its origin to the moral duel which in Stevenson's own youth went on between

son and father. That much is common knowledge. He was resolute in holding opinions which his father was not less resolute to condemn; their points of view were morally irreconcilable, and for a while they inflicted torture on each other. After long years Stevenson goes back on that critical experience and makes it a theme of a very different story. Suppose, he says in effect, that this divergence between father and son assumes the proportions of a moral repugnance—suppose each to be unshakable in his view, the son inheriting the father's tenacity though not his opinions—suppose each to be justified morally in his own eyes, perfectly honest in his belief—there you have a situation which increases in tragedy just in proportion as the severance is more complete, the repugnance more invincible. An essayist can suggest to you something of such a relation; only the creative artist can thoroughly and vitally present it. He can make you live through it in a fictitious personage, and that is just what Stevenson does in "Weir of Hermiston." The whole thing is as carefully reasoned out as any treatise on philosophy; it is indeed "philosophy teaching by examples." In order that he may tell you all there is to tell about it, in order that you may see all sides of the problem, he abandons the method of dramatic narration in the first person, which condemns an author (as he remarks in the "Vailima Letters") to present all characters but one from the outside. In "Catriona," for instance, you see the inside of David Balfour, but everybody else as David Balfour saw them. Here there is no such limitation. Archie Weir, the hero, is a child of one of those disparate marriages where there can be no fusion of character, and where the child is bound to grow up a partisan. Archie, as so often happens, is partisan of the side which he does not resemble; he stands with his mother. The opening years of a man's life belong to his mother, and so in the first chapter Mrs. Weir is depicted; perhaps a dozen sentences are put into her mouth, but the present-

ment of her faint and characterless personality, pious, lachrymose and pathetically ineffectual, is not less distinct than the portrait of her formidable spouse, the Hanging Judge. Her death leaves the son, sole, and now actively hostile, in opposition to his father. Stevenson's task is to depict the recoil of the boy's shrinking delicacy from the gross strength of Hermiston. Not till the third chapter do we reach the first incident. — The "trumpeting anger of youth" moves Archie to protest in public against the cruelty displayed by his father in the trial of a common criminal. It is merely a cry uttered by the gallows, a motion in a college debating society, trivial and trumpery things enough; yet the incident has ten times the force even of Alan Breck's fight in the round house. For an adventure is external to the man, it does not come out of his nature; it may occasion growth, but is not the result of a growth. Archie's protest against the grim hanging, trifling in itself, is the explosion of pent-up forces that have been at work for years; and it is amazing how Stevenson makes you feel that. The scene leads to an interview between the lord justice clerk and his son; it is a duel, where the older man by sheer weight easily bears down the younger, yet—almost unconsciously—he takes a wound to the very quick of his being; and the strain and stress of that conflict is rendered only as a man could render it who had known something of a like encounter. With the sentence of relegation to a country laird's existence pronounced upon the son, closes what one may call the first act in the drama; and though there was to be fierce action, bloodshed and violence enough in the story, the key was given; the drama was to be one of spiritual conflict, not of external happenings. The second act opens with the young man's isolation in a banishment which his own temper makes solitary, till after many days of "flying his private signal," it is answered by a consort. The passionate love story comes in, set against a grim and terrible background,

Hermiston behind his son, behind Kirstie the Four Black Brothers; just as the lovers themselves in their warm bodily presence are shown against a cold, grey scene, among stony hills, and keeping their tryst by the slab which marked the martyrdom of the Cameronian weaver. Tragedy is in the air from the first page; and in Archie's nature, overstrung by the long tension of his home life, love itself has a tragic thrill that contrasts forcibly with Kirstie's simple, unreflecting passion. Upon their idyl, the elder Kirstie's forethought, like a lamp, casts Hermiston's shadow; and it is with that shadow already blackening earth to the lovers that the story breaks off. Archie comes to the tryst to say that there must be an end of trystings; and Kirstie is all woman to him—woman in her anger, her unreasonableness, above all in her weakness. "What have I done?" she cries.

"What hae I done that ye should lightly me? What hae I done? What hae I done? O, what have I done?" and her voice rose upon the third repetition—"I thocht—I thocht—I thocht I was sae happy;" and the first sob broke from her like the paroxysm of some mortal sickness.

Archie ran to her. He took the poor child in his arms and she nestled to his breast as to a mother's, and clasped him in hands that were strong like vices. He felt her whole body shaken by the throes of distress and had pity upon her beyond speech. Pity, and at the same time a bewildered fear of this explosive engine in his arms, whose works he did not understand and yet had been tampering with. Then arose from before him the curtains of boyhood, and he saw for the first time the ambiguous face of woman as she is. In vain he looked back on the interview; he saw not where he had offended. It seemed unprovoked, a wilful convulsion of brute nature.

So it ends; there the word lies broken on the page, never now to be completed. The world, which does not care about fragments, will not often read "Weir of Hermiston," but for artists it will remain a monument. Some have

said that Stevenson was too much of an artist; too studious of form; too neglectful of the matter; desiring rather to express something perfectly than to attempt what might baffle expression. I, on the other hand, believe that he was studiously schooling his faculties with a modesty surely to be commended, till he should feel them equal to the full organ. And at least in this story there is no shirking of the universal interests, no avoidance of the common driving motives of existence at their highest tension. Here you have certainly—for Stevenson never neglected the appeal to the aboriginal fighter in man—the wild tale of the Four Black Brothers—that sudden outburst of savagery, over which the crust of respectable church-going existence had settled down and hardened, but which spoke of violent possibilities. But the essential and the strongest scenes of the book were not to depend on the rough and tumble incident, or on any melodramatic surroundings. Here, for the first time in Stevenson, you really have the bewildering atmosphere of woman, the glamor of sex, not only in the younger Kirstie, but in her elder of the same name—a far more wonderful and difficult piece of portraiture—who pours out to Archie a heart that has not known how to grow old. And, poetry or adventure apart, are there not tragic issues enough in the grim prose of Hermiston's dealings with his son?

How much, then, was to be incident, how much the drama of mere passion, the clash of opposing natures, is matter for conjecture? Only the roughest outline of Stevenson's project is known. It has to centre upon the fortitude of Hermiston, who condemns his own son to death, but does not survive the moral effort. As related by Mrs. Strong, the course of the action was to be as follows: The younger Kirstie, when put aside by Archie for fear of his father's displeasure, in her pique falls a prey to Frank Innes. Old Kirstie perceives that the girl is to become a mother, taxes Archie with the guilt, and thus makes him aware of the

girl's fall. Archie surprises Innes and Kirstie by the weaver's stone and kills Innes; but meanwhile he is himself in danger, for the Black Brothers, believing him to be the seducer, are on his track, and he is only saved by the police who come to arrest him. He is tried before Hermiston and condemned to death; but the elder Kirstie, who has learned the truth, induces the Black Brothers to break the jail, and he escapes with the younger Kirstie to America.

Now in two points this account cannot be accepted as authoritative. First, it is clear from a letter of Stevenson's that he perceived the impossibility of Archie's being tried before his father. Secondly, he told Mr. Sydney Lysaght that the culminating emotion was to be reached in a scene in the jail, when Kirstie gains access to Archie and informs him of her condition, and he proposes to marry her. Whether Stevenson himself had the plot clear before him is highly uncertain; but it is clear that he had impressed upon Mrs. Strong's mind only the first outlines of the story as they presented themselves to him. Similarly, in the "Reach of Falesa," he had broken in and reduced to credibility an idea which in its first form involved impossibilities; but his first, and very likely his most impressive, telling of that story, *viva voce*, would have substituted real witchcraft or ghostly noises for the Æolian harps by which Mr. Case terrified the natives. What, then, are the lines on which he would have been likely to work out this central idea of a father condemning his own son? They seem to me indicated in a letter to Mr. Baxter which asks for information.

The lord justice clerk tries some people capitally on circuit. Certain evidence cropping up, the charge is transferred to the justice clerk's own son. Of course, in the next trial the justice clerk is excluded, and the case is called before the lord justice general. Where would this trial have to be? I fear in Edinburgh, which would not suit my view. Could it be again in the circuit town?

Now consider the facts. A girl is seduced, her seducer is found murdered, her brothers are men with the reputation of violent homicides. Upon them naturally the suspicion would rest. The Four Black Brothers would then be the "certain persons tried capitally" before Hermiston at the neighboring circuit town. But, under those circumstances, Archie (given his character) would be with difficulty restrained from giving himself up; he would at least insist upon being in court at the trial to see justice done if necessary. Is it not clear that Hermiston, with his penetrating legal instinct, might read a new set of facts into the evidence; might, for instance, when the unfortunate Kirstie was called before him, force admissions from her, and thus be logically led to infer that the slayer was none of the Black Brothers but another, and that other his own son; that he might then not shrink from drawing the inference, discharge the prisoners and order his son into custody; thus virtually, though not actually, sentencing him to death. Further, it is clear that so good an artist in construction as Stevenson would never have attempted a second trial, which would violate all principles of diversifying incident. He wants to know where the second trial would be, not to describe it, but that he may know where Archie would be confined; only in a small town could the rescue be plausibly effected.

This, at all events, seems a likely line for the story to have taken. I am sure that Stevenson, who was minutely particular about his historical accuracy, would never have violated probability to the point of making Hermiston formally try his son. However, these are idle speculations; the story will never be told to us now. Only this is to be said: that enough of it is left to be a high example—enough to prove that Stevenson's lifelong devotion to his art was on the point of being rewarded by such a success as he had always dreamed of; that in the man's nature there was power to conceive scenes of a tragic beauty and intensity unsur-

passed in our prose literature, and to create characters not unworthy of his great predecessor. The blind stroke of fate had nothing to say to the lesson of his life; here was a man who went the right way to work; and though we deplore that he never completed his masterpieces, we may at least be thankful that time enough was given him to prove to his fellow-craftsmen that such labor for the sake of Art is not without Art's peculiar reward—the triumph of successful execution.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE ETHICS OF THE TRAMP.

The existence of an army of tramps spread impartially over the whole kingdom is, of course, perfectly obvious and well known, and this fact may account for the manner in which certain remarkable characteristics of these nomad legions are, as a rule, completely ignored. Generally speaking, tramps are simply looked upon as the refuse of our population—an unsightly feature of our social condition, and an unpleasant anomaly in our boasted civilization. Now, in contradiction to these conclusions, we affirm emphatically that the tramps are a most mysterious and distinctive race—wholly unlike all other portions of the community, and possessing mental and moral peculiarities of a very singular description.

The circumstances under which the writer has come into close personal contact with individual units of the race have been of a nature to unveil the mysteries of their organization to an extent which could not otherwise have been attained. When they are met (and generally carefully avoided) on the road or in any of the unsavory localities which they temporarily haunt in towns, these unlettered nomads are always engaged in a sensational drama, illustrative of their supposed circumstances, which is their undeviating stock in trade, for the purpose of conjuring certain coins of the realm out of the pockets of benevolent

persons who may come across them. To parody a well-known line, "They have no language but a lie"—as well hope to get the truth out of a crocodile as out of a tramp as to his real condition or anything else, when he is under the free airs of heaven, and in full enjoyment of the liberty which is a great deal more precious to him than life itself. But it does sometimes happen that the tramp over-reaches himself, and by some awkward mistake in his general disreputability comes under the grasp of the law, and finds himself enclosed in what is to him the hell of four stone walls—a roof over his head shutting out the sky—and locked doors, against which he may beat himself till he is well-nigh stunned to death, without being able to escape into the open air for which he pants with a maddening thirst.

In prison the tramp is a transformed being—the dramatic outward personality falls from him like the skin cast from a snake, and he stands revealed in his naked moral deformity. Within that uncompromising receptacle which, in their phraseology, figures as the stone jug, tramps, male and female, have been interviewed by the writer, and have, unconsciously to themselves, submitted to a dissection of their mental organization which has resulted in some decidedly curious discoveries. One of the most remarkable of these revelations is the absolute sameness of tastes, habits and ethics which pervades the whole of this population of the road, without their ever having met at any period of their lives, or had from first to last the smallest connection one with another. The prevailing hue—so to speak—of their internal economy is as uniformly identical in all cases as the color of the black man's skin wherever the negro race may be met; and yet, while this singular identity of character and temperament gives us a right to designate them psychologically as a distinctive race, they are simply, each in their separate individuality, offspring of the ordinary population of our towns and villages; only marked out, even from the members of their own families, by certain distinguishing qualities and inclinations which

ally them one to the other by an invisible bond, and set them apart in a unity of tastes as completely as if they sprang from some unique and common origin. The dominating characteristic of the tramps, their very *raison d'être*, is their abhorrence of any settled home—any habitation whatever which would enclose them within walls, and place a roof between them and the wind and rain, no less than the air and sunshine of the open heaven. They have no affinity of any kind with the gipsy race, yet stronger even than the gipsy's love of freedom and hatred of limitations is the craving for a wholly lawless and unfettered life which makes the tramp what he is. The gipsies have their tents and their associated camp life, but the tramp chooses to have no home at all save the road; and no occupation but that of perpetual wandering from place to place, without a definite aim of any sort whatever. The sole interest and excitement of his life from day to day consists in the various stratagems by which he endeavors to procure sufficient food to maintain himself in existence, while the luxury of getting drunk—being only rarely attainable—figures in his unwritten memoirs such as a state banquet in a royal palace might appear in those of aspiring persons not often accustomed to associate with princes.

There can be no question that this indomitable craving for a life wholly distinct from the ordinary conditions of civilized humanity is most mysterious, because of the perpetual suffering which is inseparable from its gratification, and to which they submit consciously and willingly from their neglected childhood to their untended death, rather than forego their cherished independence. The great majority of these tramps, both men and women, could secure a more or less comfortable existence for themselves under the ordinary conditions of labor in towns or country places, but work of any kind is abhorrent to them, not so much perhaps from their innate idleness as from the restrictions of liberty and space necessarily pertaining to it. Rather than submit to these, they give themselves up to

a life which, in the winter time especially, must be one of hideous pain and wretchedness. There they are on the road—half clad, hungry, footsore—with the storm beating upon them, the rain drenching them, the snow lying thick upon the corner of the field where alone they can make their bed—yet urge them to give up their wandering life for a settled home where they may gain an honest living by ordinary work, and they will refuse it with the most absolute determination. Here is an instance, which is strictly true in all its details, having occurred under the writer's own observation. An old woman, aged eighty-four, who had been a tramp almost from her birth, got thrown into prison for no very flagrant misdemeanor, and passed the time of her sojourn there panting for her release. That was to take place on one of the early days in the month of November. The weather was already very cold and wet, and there were strong prognostics of a severe winter. The idea of this aged woman going out to spend the whole of these dark months amid snow, and frost, and bitter winds—on the open road night and day—seemed unendurable, and arrangements were made, by the payment of a suitable sum, which secured for her the shelter and comfort of a home where food and clothing would be provided for her, with kind care in the event of illness, or of the death which at her age could not be far distant. But when the offer of all these luxuries was made to the old tramp, she laughed them to scorn. Live within four walls! go to bed at night in a closed room! obliged to submit to fixed hours for her meals—to have her actions watched by others living in the same place! not she, indeed!

"I am going on the road, as I have done all my life, and will do to the end of it. No settled home for me! nobody shall look after me—I can take care of myself! You let me out of this hateful place, and I'll be off on my own two feet —no one is to trouble about me!"

All this she said with her dim old eyes flashing fire, and her cracked, high-pitched voice rising to a shriek. All

representations of the risk she would run were quite in vain, and when, as a last resource, it was said to her crudely and plainly that it was almost certain she would be found dead in some way-side ditch before the winter was over, she replied to that remark by cutting a caper, and snapping her fingers in the air with a cheerful declaration that such an end would be quite as good as any other. She meant to live and die on the road, and the sooner she was there, well away from the stone jug, the better pleased she should be, and to the road she went. The only concession which could be obtained from her was her acceptance of some warm clothing, which probably found its way to the pawnshop very speedily, as she was never seen or heard of again. It is probable that she made her exit from this world—before the genial summer came—in the manner that had been predicted for her with unavailing bluntness of speech.

Apart from this rooted abhorrence of settled habitations or a residence for more than a few hours in any one place, which is the unfailing characteristic of all tramps, the ethical view of their manner of being is in other respects singular enough. Many of these wanderers make their entrance into this troublesome world under the friendly shelter of a railway arch or a convenient hedge, from whence, after the briefest possible interval of a more or less quiescent nature to accommodate their unwilling mothers, they start on the aimless journeying which is only to cease with life itself; it will be understood, therefore, that the national schemes for the compulsory education of the people do not affect them in the smallest degree. As they grow up—little barefooted urchins trotting after the temporary guardians who may or may not be their real parents—they are never long enough in one place to be caught by the School Board in any shape or way, while the ecclesiastical system which pervades these realms is an equally unknown quantity to them. They pass many churches and chapels, of course, as they roam to and fro; but, since these cannot

be utilized as sleeping places, except by involuntary slumberers under the spell of long drawn out sermons, it never for a single moment occurs to the tramp to attempt an entrance into any of these structures.

The writer once asked a venerable tramp, who had experienced under the open heaven all possible varieties of bad weather for more winters than he could count, whether he had ever been inside a church or chapel, and he answered—Only once in the whole course of his long life, and that was when the woman he had taken as a companion (not a wife, *bien entendu*) had fallen dead by the way-side, and, having been conveyed by the police to the mortuary, was buried at the expense of the parish—he had hung about the place during the four-and-twenty hours which had elapsed between her death and burial to see, as he expressed it, "how they were going to finish up the old 'ooman," and followed her into the church, where—to use his own words—"a chap in a white smock read some gibberish out of a book, and I was glad to scuttle out of such a deadly dull place as quick as I could. I just waited long enough to see 'em put the old 'ooman in the ground, and then I was off on the road; and I'd not go again into such a dark, stifling hole for all the old 'oomen as ever was hatched." The amount of theology which these gentry can pick up in conversation with the frequenters of public-houses, which an occasional sixpence flung to them may enable them to visit, does not generally amount to any revelation of a future state or a Supreme Being to whom they may be accountable for their actions; and their mental horizon is bounded absolutely, therefore, by this visible world, while the motive power of their existence therein is simply to fashion it as may be most agreeable to themselves for the passing moment. The ordinary laws of morality have naturally no place in their social arrangements. Male tramps without exception prefer to be accompanied in their journeys by a female companion in no legal sense connected with them, and that for a quite indefinite period—de-

pendent on the length of time which may elapse before occasional outbursts of temper assume suddenly an aggravated form, and there is a stand-up fight which results in a separation. Very often, however, the temporary union is dissolved in a more amicable fashion, by a simple interchange of partners with some passing traveller on the road.

"I say, old chap, I likes your 'ooman better nor mine here; let's swap. I'll throw in a bit o' baccy with my wench as yours is a bit younger."

"All right, I'm willing. I am sick of my 'ooman's tantrums. I'll try it on with yours;" and the transfer is made with the utmost ease, the ladies making no sort of objection. Variety is always pleasing to the feminine mind, and the newly arranged couples go on their respective ways after a friendly parting. Be it understood, however, that these persons have figured as man and wife in the dramatic representation as to their circumstances, which they go through for the benefit of any charitable persons they may meet on the road. It is a singular fact that tramps are, as a rule, very rarely professional thieves. Since it is impossible to suppose that this is the result of any adherence on their part to the requirements of the Eighth Commandment, it is to be inferred that the dread of a compulsory residence in the stone jug is the sole cause of their unwilling honesty. Occasionally, however, an unexpected opportunity occurs of possessing themselves of their neighbors' goods without apparent risk, and then they do not hesitate to avail themselves of it, and to defend the proceeding in the most logical manner. An extremely sharp-witted old lady tramp, who had been captured by a specially energetic constable as she emerged from the open window of an unguarded house laden with spoil, justified her action while conversing with the writer in the most easy and cheerful manner imaginable. "Why, of course, when I saw the window open and the farmer and his folk all out in the hayfield, I thought, Hurrah, here's a jolly chance for me; so I nipped in and got hold of all I could find as quick as you like. Why should I

not? They had everything and I had nothing; it was all right and fair that I should get what I could, and it was real mean to send me to gaol for it. Why are they to have all and me nothing?"

Amid much that is clearly regrettable in the ethics of the tramp, it must be admitted that a really admirable *esprit de corps* exists among them; they will shield and defend one another by every device in their power, and that not on any ground of personal friendship—for they will often take up the quarrel of perfect strangers to their own serious disadvantage—but simply from a mysterious sense of fraternity with all who are of the same type as themselves, dwellers on the road, and a race unique alike in their habits and their tastes.

Thus, after the fashion which we have faintly shadowed forth, the vast army of tramps in this enlightened country journey from birth to death, and vanish into the unknown, to be succeeded by generation after generation of precisely the same stamp.

The question remains—it seems to us for somewhat serious consideration—as to whether the nation at large is to continue doing absolutely nothing to rescue this huge body of wanderers from their eminently unsatisfactory existence. It must be admitted in all honesty that no one who understands the subject in any efficient degree can hope that measures even of the wisest description could prove available with adult members of this nomad race; but surely it might be possible to organize some legislative scheme for the rescue of the children—at a sufficiently early age to prevent their having acquired any individual taste for the life to which they are destined—so that at least the next century might see our land relieved from a standing evil, which is strangely inconsistent with our boasted civilization and culture.

F. M. F. SKENE.

From Good Words.
"LLOYD'S."

Marine insurance probably dates as far back as the time of the Phœnicians,

who traded with our British forefathers many centuries before these Islands became the home of "a nation of shopkeepers." The dark-skinned strangers were skilled traders long before the Britons had acquired the art of chaffering, and the latter probably stood as small a chance of getting the best of a bargain with them as do the African tribes of the present day with the white-faced traders who barter their wares for tropical produce. Thus doth Time bring its revenges.

It was not, however, until hundreds of years after the days of the Phœnicians that marine insurance was practised in this country. The merchants of the Hanseatic League, that powerful confederacy which did so much, during the thirteenth and succeeding centuries, to promote the interests of trade and commerce, were the first underwriters in England. Their system of insurance must of necessity have been somewhat crude, but from it has been evolved the more scientific methods of the present day.

As everybody knows, Lloyd's stands for marine insurance. But whence the name?

In our day, as every city man is aware, a not inconsiderable amount of business is transacted at the bars of restaurants and wine-shops. Business men of former generations were similarly prone to transact "deals" in the coffee-houses which were the forerunners of the modern "Meccas." But they had a much better excuse than their modern successors for congregating in houses of refreshment, their facilities for meeting together in Exchanges being considerably more restricted than is the case at the present day. The great grain Exchange called the "Baltic" takes its name from a coffee-house which was much frequented by Russian merchants who were engaged in the Baltic trade. Similarly, Lloyd's takes its name from that of the proprietor of a coffee-house which flourished in Tower Street during the reign of the "Merry Monarch." No biography of Edward Lloyd has yet been written, nor do the dates of his birth and death appear in our calendars. But his

name has been handed down to posterity in the title of the greatest marine insurance corporation which the world has ever known. His house became the *rendezvous* of those persons in the city who were engaged in the business of underwriting marine risks; and Edward Lloyd was sufficiently alive to his own interests to give them every facility for the transaction of their business. In 1696, he blossomed into a newspaper proprietor, but his career in that capacity was short-lived, for his paper, which he called *Lloyd's News*, was suppressed by the government. Certain unpalatable references failed to pass the press censorship which, in those days, was rigorously exercised; and so *Lloyd's News* came to an untimely end. In 1726, however, its successor, *Lloyd's List*, appeared, and it exists at the present day. With the exception of the *London Gazette*, it is the oldest newspaper now published in England.

Edward Lloyd removed from Tower Street to Lombard Street, and brought his customers with him. For three generations thereafter, underwriters met and transacted business at Lloyd's, Lombard Street, until the time arrived when a change was inevitable. An association was formed in 1770, for renting premises for the exclusive transaction of marine insurance, and three years later, the members of the Association migrated to their present headquarters at the Royal Exchange, taking the name of their old meeting-place with them. Thus it came to pass that a London coffee-house leapt into historic fame. And it may be noticed that the name of its proprietor has also been perpetuated in the titles of those great Continental Steamship Lines, the Austrian Lloyd and the North German Lloyd.

Affiliated with the Corporation of Lloyd's is "Lloyd's Register." The committee and executive of this society are distinct from the management of Lloyd's, being, in fact, an off-shoot from the parent stem. The Register comprises three volumes which are issued annually, and kept constantly up-to-date, that being a very necessary condition of their usefulness. Volume I. gives

comprehensive particulars concerning steamers. Volume II. deals similarly with sailing vessels; while the third volume is an appendix, giving general information about vessels, docks and harbors, marine insurance companies and so forth. The Register is the underwriter's guide-book. It provides him with the material by which he gauges the desirability, or otherwise, of a "line" offered to him on, or by, a particular vessel; and estimates the rate of insurance which will compensate him for the risk. Similarly, the merchant finds the volumes indispensable in connection with his chartering operations, while the ship-owner is interested in them in a very special way. The Register dates from 1834, when a joint committee, equally representing ship-owners and underwriters, was formed, thus cementing past differences between the two interests. For many years previously, two separate Registers had existed, the Green Book, representing the underwriting interest, and the Red Book, that of the ship-owners. The ship-owning community were dissatisfied with the system of classification which the underwriters had adopted, hence the genesis of the Red Book.

Upon the surveyors appointed by the committee of the Register devolves the duty of fixing by their reports the classification of a vessel. There are various mysterious-looking symbols used to denote the different classes of vessels. The best known are those formed by a combination of Roman numerals and letters, which signify the classification of ships built of iron and steel according to the rules of "Lloyd's Register" in force since 1869. They indicate the general condition of a vessel at the time of her last survey. The symbols 100 A1, 95 A1, 90 A1, and so on down to 75 A1 (the lowest grade) show at a glance the position, good or bad, which a vessel occupies from an insurable point of view. The figure "1" which is affixed in each case, denotes that the vessel is well and sufficiently equipped. A line after "A" thus "A—" signifies that the equipment falls short of the requirements under the rules. It is now, however, the

invariable practice to classify as 100 A1 only; no ships of inferior classification are built under Lloyd's rules.

The considerations which influence an underwriter in accepting or declining a "line," as it is technically called, are chiefly the age of the vessel, her class, build, power, ownership, builders, her captain's record, and, strange as it may appear, the record of the ship herself; the season of the year is also an important element. A ship "with a past" is viewed less favorably than one with a "clean sheet." Here the principle of giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him certainly operates, very specially in the case of the captain and owners, and, to a small extent, of the ship herself.

The Salvage Association is also an off-spring of Lloyd's, which exists as a separate organization, while closely connected with the parent corporation. The duties undertaken by this association lie, as its name suggests, in the protection of the interests of underwriters in connection with wrecks.

Another profession cognate with that of underwriting is the adjustment of averages. This may be explained in a word to the uninitiated as being the apportionment by an expert (called an average adjuster) of the claims arising from a partial loss to ship or cargo among the various interests concerned. A description of the nature of these "averages," technically called "general" and "particular" averages, would require a paper to itself.

Lloyd's rooms in the Royal Exchange have been used for their present purpose since the great fire of 1838 destroyed the premises which they had previously tenanted. They comprise the captains' room—where captains are but rarely seen nowadays—which serves as a luncheon-room and occasionally as an auction room for the sale of ship's hulls; the reading-room—where "light" literature, in the form of shipping intelligence and so forth, is found in abundance; the underwriting-room, where risks are discussed and "lines" are taken or rejected; and the secretary's offices and committee-rooms, where the administrative

work is carried on. The Committee of Management, elected by the members, are invested with large powers. As is well known, Colonel H. M. Hozier acts as secretary to the Corporation. The general comfort of the members is supervised by the superintendent of the rooms.

Besides the rooms enumerated, and the well-appointed lavatory and cloak-room, there is another which calls for special mention. It is appropriately named the "Chamber of Horrors," for it is there that the lists of casualties and missing ships are posted up, sheets of dire portent for the unfortunate underwriters who are "on the risks."

And yonder in the underwriting-room is a volume well-named the "Black Book," which underwriters approach each morning with fear and trembling, lest they should find in it the dreaded notification that some ship on which they had taken a "line" has come to grief.

The stranger who wishes to see a member ascends the broad staircase and gives his name to an attendant who is stationed in a chamber just outside the main or underwriting-room. The latter passes on the name to the caller inside, who stands in a pulpit, underneath a sounding board. He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which invests him with an authority of which he is probably profoundly conscious. In a mellifluous voice, which reaches the furthest corner of the room, he intones the name with a deliberation and clearness all his own. One can bear with equanimity the delay entailed by waiting outside for a member, when regaled by the recurring music of that caller's voice.

Down the centre of the underwriting-room are three rows of tables at which are seated underwriters, brokers and others. The brokers are the middlemen, who arrange the terms of the insurance between the ship-owners and merchants on the one side, and the underwriters on the other. When an underwriter accepts a "line," he initials the "slip" upon which the broker has noted particulars of the insurance and the amount he requires to be covered. This process is repeated until the whole of the required

amount has been insured. A policy is next prepared by the broker in accordance with the agreed terms of insurance, and the document is then signed separately by each group of underwriters, according to the amounts standing against the initials on the "slip." The mere initialling of the "slip" is not legally binding, but custom at Lloyd's makes it as conclusive a contract as the signature of the policy itself. The wording of the policy is a curiosity of obsolete English. The casual observer might well think that it would be a decided improvement if it were rendered more intelligible and concise. But the profanity of meddling with so sacred a document doubtless gives pause to any would-be reformer. A form sanctified by the usage of nearly a century and a quarter must command the respect which is due to age; for it is a fact that the Lloyd's form of policy now in use was prepared as far back as the year 1779. It then commenced with the words, "In the name of God, Amen," which, in cases of false declarations, might well be stigmatized as a cynical blasphemy, without putting too fine a point upon it. This pious preamble was afterwards altered to the portentous phrase, "Be it known that." With this solitary exception, the policy has undergone no alteration up to the present day. Slips with special clauses may be, and very often are, attached to the policy, but the main body, with its quaint phraseology, is untouched, and, apparently, untouchable.

When a ship is overdue, an opportunity is sometimes afforded for a gamble at Lloyd's. It can be readily understood that underwriters who are interested in the "overdues" are only too willing to get rid of the risk by paying a premium on the insured rate to those who are willing, on their terms, to relieve them of their responsibilities. The premium varies with the chances of the vessel turning up; the smaller the chances, the higher the premium, and *vice versa*. The rates paying on "overdues" serve as accurate barometers of the probabilities or otherwise of the ships being ever heard of again. Those

underwriters who speculate on "overdues" are generally known by the significant name of "doctors." The insurance on an "overdue" may pass through many channels before the ship is, on the one hand, "posted" at Lloyd's as "missing," or, on the other hand, she arrives in safety.

A ship is never "posted" until the Committee are thoroughly satisfied that her case is hopeless, and until the owner is of the same opinion. Before "posting," a notice is put up for a week, inviting any information concerning the vessel. If this elicits no news, the Committee at their next meeting vote the ship as "missing," and a notice is "posted" accordingly. The loss is then settled and paid for. It may be incidentally remarked that "posting" at Lloyd's constitutes a legal death certificate for anyone on board the missing ship. Imagination pales at the thought of the complications which might arise in the event of a "posted" vessel turning up. It is worthy of note that a leading London newspaper now publishes daily a list of "overdues," with the current premium in each case.

It may be news to some people to learn that the business at Lloyd's is no longer confined to marine insurance. During recent years the nature of risks underwritten has been gradually widening in scope, until it now embraces almost every known form of insurance. Fire, accident and burglary insurances are all accepted. A policy, covering goods against all risks from, say, a warehouse in London to a warehouse in Sydney or Hong Kong, is very frequently issued, and is found by business men to be a great convenience.

Underwriting members of Lloyd's have to pay an entrance fee of £400 and an annual subscription of twenty guineas. They have also to place in the hands of the Committee guarantees for at least £5,000. These guarantees, as may be imagined, amount to a considerable sum, seeing that of over twenty-five hundred members, subscribers and associates fully one-fourth are underwriters. The guarantee fund is vested in trustees, and interest is paid on the deposits.

The capital sum is refunded to an underwriter three years after his retirement from business. It may be remarked that this guarantee of £5,000 applies to the marine risks only which are underwritten by the depositors. Other members of Lloyd's pay an entrance fee of £25, and an annual subscription of seven guineas. Candidates for admission to membership must be recommended in writing by six members, and they are elected by ballot, the voting power being in the hands of the Committee.

In addition to the members, there are "subscribers" and "associates," the former paying seven guineas, the latter five guineas annually. Subscribers and associates are not allowed to transact business in the room; they pay for the privilege of entering it and picking up information. All the leading marine insurance companies are subscribers to Lloyd's, receiving, in return for their subscriptions, the latest news about ships in which they are interested.

The Corporation has agencies at all the leading seaports in the world, the duties of the agents being to transmit to headquarters weekly lists of arrivals and clearances at their ports, which are chronicled in "Lloyd's Weekly Shipping Index," a most useful publication for merchants, ship-owners and underwriters. Lloyd's agents also give prompt advice by cable to London of any casualties which may occur within the area which they control. They further attend to surveys of cargo damaged in transit, when so requested by the importers, and, in cases of wrecks and casualties, devote their energies to the protection of the general interests of underwriters. There is no honorarium other than a few odd "pickings" and out-of-pocket expenses attached to a Lloyd's agency; the privilege of representing the Society is sufficient compensation for the time and trouble involved in attending to its business.

Lloyd's controls and works, under the sanction of Parliament, the signal stations in Great Britain and Ireland. These number forty-two, and range from Dunnet Head and the Butt of Lewis in

the north to St. Catherine's Point and the Scilly Islands in the south.

The Society has also the management of twenty-nine signal stations in various British colonies. By means of this arrangement, ship-owners, merchants and others can obtain the latest information about vessels at a nominal signalling charge of one shilling, plus the cost of cabling or postage, as the case may be. Chambers of Commerce, harbor and dock authorities can receive, by arrangement with Lloyd's, regular advice from the signal stations for publication. A public service is thus effectively rendered by the Corporation in its control of signal stations, and it is easy to recognize the importance, from a national point of view, of the colonial stations, more particularly, being in such efficient and trustworthy hands.

In 1720 charters were granted to the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange Corporations, and, for a full century, these two companies, with Lloyd's underwriters, possessed a monopoly of marine insurance in this country. The Act conferring the charters excluded all but private underwriters from competing with the two companies, and it was not until 1824 that it was repealed, leaving the door open for the establishment of rival concerns. Since that time, numerous competitors have entered the field, but the business of marine insurance has correspondingly expanded, and, at the present day, judging by the results annually attained, there is room for all of them. But in popular imagination, as well as by virtue of the magnitude of its operations, Lloyd's is still *facile princeps*.

WILLIAM C. MACKENZIE.

From The Speaker.
WORDSWORTH'S ODE.

In the "Phœdo" (I have mislaid my copy and must quote from memory) Socrates is represented as conducting, on his last night in prison, an argument with Simmias to this effect—We do not, in this world, see such a thing as equal-

ity. We see certain things such as sticks and stones, and we say that they are equal or unequal to each other. But in saying this we refer them to a conception of equality or inequality that already exists in our own minds; and since we cannot see equality or inequality on earth, but only things which we pronounce to be equal or unequal by reference to our abstract conception, it follows we must have brought that conception with us from some previous state of existence. The same may be said of beauty, goodness, justice, etc.: actual beauty, goodness, justice, etc., we do not see on earth, but things which we pronounce to be beautiful, good, just, by reference to conceptions which exist in our minds and which (it is argued) were ours before birth.

Now this (which, of course, links on with the Socratic doctrine that all knowledge is recollection, or re-apprehension of truth once known to us but lost in the act or process of birth) is, as everyone knows, the motive of Wordsworth's famous Ode on "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood":—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting. . . .

And Wordsworth (though he was quite well aware of the Socratic, or Platonic, argument) is usually supposed to have derived the inspiration of his Ode, at any rate in part, from Henry Vaughan's poem, "The Retreat":—

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity. . . .

Dr. Grosart found a copy of Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans" mentioned in the sale

catalogue of Wordsworth's library. Nay, in 1869 a correspondent wrote to Archbishop Trench, who had been inclined (in the first edition of his "Household Book of English Poetry") to doubt that so rare a work as "Silex Scintillans" could have fallen in Wordsworth's way, "I have a copy of the first edition of the 'Silex,' incomplete and very much damp-stained, which I bought in a lot with several other books at the poet Wordsworth's sale." Still, though Wordsworth had almost certainly read Vaughan's poem, we have no right at all to doubt his word (for he was a truth-telling man) that the structure of the poem partly rests on particular feelings or experiences of his own mind. He tells us (and surely most men who recollect their own boyish thoughts can understand him), "Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. . . . I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature." And in the great Ode, of course, he suggests these splendid visions of childhood as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence.

Now Socrates' argument, with which we started, can be assailed easily enough. We can maintain, for example, that an abstract notion of equality is at least as likely to be acquired by induction as to be brought with us ready-made from a previous state of existence; that we quickly infer equality from our observation of a number of equal things, that we are helped to the inference by our parents who have drawn it beforehand and have already provided a name for the abstraction; and that the Socratic theory is just a dialectical putting of the cart before the horse. But there are some conceptions—that of jus-

tice, for instance—which cannot be dismissed quite so easily. I dare say that most of us who have taken any trouble to understand children have been surprised at times by their instinct for justice, and their clear and distinct conception of what justice ought to be. That they acquire this conception by inference based on their observation of human dealings, I, for one, am not sufficiently enamored of human dealings to maintain. I think it far more likely (and my own experience, or what I can recollect of it, goes to confirm this view) that the average child regards his elders as freakish and very "arbitrary gents" indeed; stupidly unjust, too. Says Mr. Kenneth Grahame in his wise and charming book, "The Golden Age":—

At a very early age, I remember realizing in a quite impersonal and kindly way the existence of that stupidity, and its tremendous influence in the world; while there grew up in me, as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos, a vague sense of a ruling power, wilful and freakish—"just choosing so;" as, for instance, the giving of authority over us to these hopeless and incapable creatures, when it might far more reasonably have been given to ourselves over them. . . .

And he goes on to indicate that the estrangement between the child and the "grown-ups" was fortified by an abiding sense of injustice arising from their refusal ever to defend, to retract, or to admit themselves in the wrong. No: the theory that children derive their conceptions of justice from contemplating our unequal and mostly foolish social behavior seems to me to rest upon a pathetically presumptuous fallacy. They are far more likely to find in it nothing but "dread irrationality" and unfairness weltering and chaotic. And yet a child has a conception of justice and asks perpetually that it shall be satisfied. He does not (this, at least, is my experience) demand indulgence; he distrusts favoritism; he merely craves for justice, which (poor fellow!) is the one thing which he will never get in this world. Here, then, is one abstract conception which those who assail the thought at the bottom of

Wordsworth's Ode will find some difficulty in explaining.

And we must take some account, I think, of those children whom M. Maeterlinck calls "*les avertis*," and of whom he wrote so beautifully the other day. "They are known to most men, and there are few mothers who have not seen them. They are, perhaps, indispensable, as all sorrows are indispensable, and those who have not known them miss something of gentleness, something of sadness, something of goodness." These are the children who do not find it difficult, as Wordsworth found it, to admit the notion of death as applicable to them; but who, on the contrary, carry about with them the shadow of an early fate. "In haste, yet thoughtfully and with minute care, they set about the business of living; and this very haste is the sign upon which mothers, the discreet, unsuspected confidantes of that which is unspoken, can hardly bring themselves to look." Some of these depart almost as soon as they have come, without saying a word; but others linger for a season, look on us with a wistful smile, seem on the point of confessing to us that they understand it all, "and then, towards their twentieth year, depart hurriedly, muffling their footsteps, as though they had just discovered that they had mistaken their dwelling-place and had been about to pass their lives among men whom they did not know." All these (M. Maeterlinck would tell us) bear the stigmata of their predestination: which we recognize—afterwards. But they (he suggests) are conscious of their destiny all the while: "*Ils sont déjà frères et sœurs, et l'on dirait qu'ils se reconnaissent entre eux à des marques que nous ne voyons pas, et qu'ils se font, au moment où nous ne les observerons plus, la signe du silence.*" At school they seemed at once to seek and avoid each other, like persons afflicted with the same malady. They would be seen gathered apart in some corner of the garden, under the trees. . . . Almost always they fell silent when those who were to live drew near them. "Were they already communicating of the end? Or did they know that it was

speaking through them and in spite of them? And were they drawing a circle round it to keep it hidden from indifferent eyes?" The case of these—as exceptions which may help the rule—must be considered before we dismiss the hypothesis on which Wordsworth built his Ode.

The poet himself cautiously disavowed all intention to dogmatize. Though in the poem he regards these "Intimations" as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, he adds, "I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief." The notion, he admits, is far too shadowy to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. "But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents an analogy in its favor." And this is just the question I set forth to ask. Does the doctrine of the Church concerning immortality admit the possibility, at any rate, of a prior state of existence out of which men are born into this world with conceptions of goodness (let us say), or of justice? Is the notion of Vaughan and Wordsworth allowed by theologians? And if the question has been argued out (as I dare-say it has), will some reader of the *Speaker* kindly help me to find the arguments? He shall have my best thanks.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

From the *Deutsche Revue*.
THE FINCH.

"Lux! Lux! Here, sir! Come here directly! You horrid, hateful creature!" She was searching every corner of her memory for worse and worse epithets to hurl at the dog before she could reach him herself and do him all the mischief she could.

The animal was a large, white, short-haired Spitz. One half of his face and half of his left ear were black, which gave him an uncommonly defiant ex-

pression, and he could look more contemptuous than any other dog in the universe. He merely bestowed a passing glance upon the slender little girl, with fair hair cut as short as a boy's, who was darting toward him, and then turned his attention again to a tiny, living creature in the grass, which he snuffed at and then turned over with his paw.

"March!" The R in the word sounded like a whole succession of R's, which had been uttered one after another almost like rolling thunder. At the same time the Spitz received a blow on his side, delivered with all the force which a somewhat slender little girl eight years old could muster. Pia hurt herself more than she did him.

Red as a turkey-cock, Pia now knelt in the grass with her eyes full of tears, holding the tiny creature in her hands, stroking and kissing it. The dear, wee, *wee* thing! A half-grown finch! It had ventured too soon from one of the nests in the big elm, the oldest of all the old trees in the garden which sheltered so many birds. Its top was almost as high as the castle tower, its branches formed a perfect thicket. How could the exhausted little bird find its way back to its home?

It seemed conscious of the extent of its misfortune, for from time to time it uttered a piteous peep, and blinked its little shining black eyes in an agony of terror. Its tiny body quivered, its heart was beating at a frantic rate. No doubt it was severely hurt. That horrible Lux had bitten it or perhaps crushed its breast—how did Pia know what he had done! And now the miserable beast had the impudence to put his nose familiarly on her shoulder, after licking it several times with his tongue, while his speaking eyes said:—

"Give me back that thing. I found it, it's mine. I want it to play with. It squeaks so queerly when I poke it with my paw!"

"March!" Again the R rolled like thunder. Pia started up and gave Lux a kick which almost sprained her foot and did him little harm.

She ran into the castle-kitchen, asked

for milk and bread and tried to feed the little finch. She understood the art, for the summer before she had brought up three sparrows which fell from their nests, and two of them were still younger than the little finch. True, those were only tough, ordinary sparrows, like hundreds of thousands of others, not delicate, exquisite creatures which require entirely different conditions of existence from the common multitude.

The finch would not take the food its benefactress offered, and when, with gentle violence, she opened its bill and poured in a drop of milk it did not swallow it.

The cook, a stout, majestic person with a face like a soup-plate and languishing blue eyes, had watched Pia's efforts sympathizingly from her spick and span kitchen work table.

"You're tormenting the poor thing uselessly," she said, in a gentle, pleasant tone. "Give it to me. I'll kill it."

"Wh-a-a-t? Kill it?" Pia raised her pretty little head, growing actually taller in her indignation. "You ought to be killed, you cruel—"

The murderer of countless doves, hens, guinea-hens and turkeys shrugged her shoulders compassionately: "I'm not cruel; I couldn't see a poor creature that cannot be helped suffer, just because I wanted to play with it."

Pia shuddered and rushed out of the kitchen to get away from the horrible woman, the professional murderer who said such terrible things and perhaps—was right.

Because she wanted to play with it.

If that were true, she was certainly far worse than Lux, who had no reason and tortured a fellow animal without knowing what he was doing. Human beings have a different standpoint and a different responsibility.

What happened a short time ago when the veterinary surgeon was called to see the old hunting dog Flock, and said that he could not be cured? Her grandmother told papa: "Release him! Give him a merciful bullet! He ought to die the death of a brave dog."

And papa, her kind papa, took a gun, went out and shot old Flock. And Flock was papa's favorite dog.

"You are my favorite too," she whispered to the bird, "and I'll release you from your sufferings. I know the most beautiful death for you, the most beautiful bird-death. You shall think in the very last moment: Now I am flying. And then all will be over. For a bird all will be over."

She ran across the court-yard into the corridor and up the steps that led to the warder's tower.

He was not a real warder. He was only a grey-haired old servant to whom the name was given with a pension. He did nothing except smoke tobacco and sleep. He considered the tower his especial domain, and, since he no longer went up the steps himself, had trained his black cat to accompany visitors.

The door of his room stood ajar. Pia glanced in as she passed. The old man was asleep in his arm-chair, his cat sat on the table by his side, watching. At the sight of the child he sprang to the floor, squeezed through the crack of the door, and glided noiselessly after Pia on its elastic paws. It came nearer and nearer, and rubbed against her, gazing at her with its big, round, topaz eyes.

Did it smell the bird? Did it suspect what Pia held in her hand?

Dust lay an inch thick on the stairs and an uncanny twilight prevailed. The few windows were not much wider than a lath, and were covered with dirt and spider webs. Often something glided by—a rat, of course. Then the cat darted upon it and there was a short, furious battle, ended by a shrill scream of anguish and death.

Then the beast of prey was back again, its yellow, gleaming eyes looking up at Pia as if to say: "I haven't caught the right thing yet; you would like to keep it from me. Just wait; I'll get it myself; I have claws."

The child grew frightened and hurried, fairly ran up the steps. And the stairs were so steep and made one giddy with the constant turning.

The birdling had given no sign of life for some time. Suddenly it stirred, puffed out its feathers and twitched its little feet.

Then it lay still—there was no other movement. Perhaps the finch was dead, and Pia was carrying a little corpse.

Terrible, terrible; death is something terrible, and to have it there, to feel it. A thrill of fear ran through her and she whispered to the bird:—

“Don’t die, don’t die in my hand!” She pressed its head against her cheek, breathed softly upon it, and—shrieked aloud. The cat had made a fierce leap almost up to her face, and was mewing and threatening her. A cowardly impulse rose in the child’s soul. “Give the little bird to it! It is dead.” Yet perhaps it might not be *quite* dead, and could still be afraid, still feel when it was torn and mangled. No, no! People had their own minds and would do as they pleased, not suit a wretched old cat.

“Scat! Scat!” she cried, rushing up the stairs.

At last she reached the little door that led to the platform, on whose ancient grey timbers the flickering sunlight cast gold and diamond bars.

Pia pushed it open and went out. The cat was at her heels, but she no longer feared it, and once more kissed the bird’s little head. “Now I’ll release you. Now you won’t suffer any more. You’ll fall—fall—it will seem as if you were dreaming.”

Bending over the parapet, she looked down.

She saw nothing but tree-tops and, towering above all the rest, that of the old elm, apparently near enough for her to touch it. And at the very top, among the smallest twigs, something was moving restlessly, uttering cries of grief as full of sorrow as the breast from which they came was tiny.

“Is it you, little mother-finch? Is it you, poor thing? You’ll see your child again; it’s coming; but it is dead.” Pia stretched out her arm and, at the same instant, the cat leaped on the wall close by her side.

“You won’t get it!” cried the little girl, as she shut her eyes tightly a moment and opened her hand.

The little bird slipped from it and sank—for the space of a breath. Then—oh! oh! it was not dead, it was alive! its wings spread; a low, half-frightened, half-joyful twitter escaped from its throat, it flew—somewhat clumsily and uncertainly—but it *flew* to the top of the elm, from which rang such notes of rapturous joy, blended with eager, anxious peeping: “How do you feel? Are you well? Are you hurt in any way?”

No, there was nothing the matter! Pia burst into a gay laugh. She laughed in the cat’s round, flat, pitifully puzzled face.

“Jump after it! Catch it, you stupid old cat! It is safe from you, from all its enemies, it is with its mother!”

Suddenly she stopped, gazed thoughtfully into the distance, and slowly repeated, “With its mother.”

It was very long since she had known what that meant. She was so young at the time—but it must be something delightful for a bird and—for a child.

MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH.
Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

From *Blackwood’s Magazine*.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMPRESSIONISM.

A worker in the plastic arts—a painter or a sculptor—does not need to think in words: he thinks in colors and in form; and you must not look that he should express himself in literary language. But very soon comes by the glib art-critic, who feels little and talks much. His care is to have a phrase ready for every emergency: he spreads a net for the unwary artificer, who easily falls into the toils, and allows himself to be classified of a school and ticketed with a label, as Realist, Impressionist, Symbolist—or even from the accident of his workmanship, as Pointelist, Vibrist, what you choose; and, like enough, the artist will wear this label of his as if it were a dec-

oration. Only the wisest avoid such things. They comprehend that if they are good for anything each is his own school; that of his own methods each had best not know how much he has got from his immediate predecessors, or how far he has broken with tradition. For all that, it must happen, time and again, that without self-consciousness art may at some period take a decisive new departure and may need some name to separate it sharply from the art which has gone before. It will be happy if it can find a terminology which has not been already debased or distorted by too ready penmen.

Failing that, the best that can be done is to try and revoke to a better use names or phrases which have become idly current and sterile. This is what I would do for the term "Impressionism," which has come to stand for only a small and almost accidental development of the art it might reasonably denote. Impressionism should mean all that *genre* of art—essentially modern we shall see that it is—which honestly and simply tries to render in form or color what the artist sees, as he sees it; but the word has been narrowed and twisted to signify something much more transient—the reproduction of what is seen at a particularly rapid glance, as by a person in a railway carriage: to that the name "Impressionism" is limited by the art-critics to-day. If we use the term in this restricted sense, for that larger kind of impressionism, that wider movement, of which the more rapid impressionism is but the offspring, for that we shall have no name.

This larger impressionism, then, what is it? There is more than at first glance appears implied in the words of my definition, "What the artist sees as he sees it;" for it is a fact that throughout the whole history of the fine arts the artist has aimed most often not at producing what *he* saw, but something that other people had seen or thought they had seen, even at what nobody had ever seen, but what the artist or his forerunners had generalized out of many experiences.

It seems so simple to draw what we

behold—it is so difficult; it seems so easy to say what we mean—it is so hard. Set a child to draw a table; he will make a round or a rectangle, and the legs sticking out of the sides or the circumference. Yet never in his life has the child seen even so much of this as a table whose top looked rectangular or round. To see one as either the child must gaze from the ceiling. We say simply that he knows the top to be a circle (suppose), and he so draws it. But that means that the draughtsman has formed out of many experiences a general idea of a circle, and that the table which he draws is a generalized idea of a round table; it is not a thing seen. Barbaric art, and childish art too, sometimes, show the full eye in a profile figure; yet no one ever saw the eye full when he was looking at a side face. The artist fashions his face so because "eye" has become for him a fixed idea, a generalization. These are but crude examples. There are a hundred other ways in which the impulse to present general ideas or abstract ones may and does interfere with the direct impression of the artist.

When we watch—I can hardly say the development, but the history, of the pictorial or plastic arts in Egypt, they seem as if they had existed only to retrograde. In the museum now at Ghizeh, hard by Cairo, the traveller has displayed before him the abstract and brief chronicle of Egyptian art. There first of all he is taken to view a certain very early wooden statue, whose familiar name, the *sheik-el-beled*, is itself a witness how simple and realistic that piece of sculpture is. For when the Arab diggers—the *fellah* diggers, let us rather say—unearthed the wooden image they exclaimed with one voice, "Village headman!" (*sheik-el-beled!*) so like did the figure, with its long stick and the carved cloth about the loins, look to a village chief of to-day; and in Egypt we know nothing changes. Thus did the workmen acknowledge the realism of the carving, and so it is that their name for it this statue has ever since retained. As through this Boulak Museum we pass to later monuments, and travel along the road that Egyptian art has

trotted, less and less realistic does this sculpture grow, until in time it is hardly possible to distinguish (save by the cartouches¹) one Pharaoh from another, a Rameses II. from a Rameses III., a Thothmes from an Amenophis; nay, strangest transformation of all! even the Greek kings of the Ptolemaic race are in these temple-sculptures made to take the features of their far-distant predecessors, the Pharaohs. Surely this is a crab-like art, as none other in the world has been!

To account for such a retrogression, antiquarians invoke many contributory causes: they tell us of priestly rules of art, hereditary guilds of artists. These are causes, no doubt, but subsidiary ones. The true *causa causans* of this seeming backward movement in Egyptian sculpture is, I have no doubt, this—that the instincts of the people were essentially literary, and not essentially artistic; so that their sculpture and their painting had first of all to serve a literary purpose. In its more practical application, this is as much as to say that if a Rameses III. is likened to a Rameses II., and he to a Thothmes his predecessor, it is because the desire of the artist is to give us, not an image of any particular Pharaoh but *the* Pharaoh, the idea of kingship. It is Rameses III. that we are looking at, for so it is labelled; but it is not Rameses the man, it is Rameses the Lord of the Two Egypts. Thackeray, in his "Paris Sketchbook," draws us three pictures—"Ludovicus," a shrivelled little old man in dr— in the lightest of costumes; "Rex," the Court-dress and periwig; and finally, "Ludovicus Rex" the king when clothed with these adjuncts. "Can we picture," asks Teufelsdrückh, "a naked Duke of Wellington addressing a naked House of Lords?" Apply the same principle to the kings of Egypt, and we see why they might choose to be imaged—rather than as individual men—under the idea of the office which they held.

But to change so utterly the natural uses of sculpture and of painting, this

¹ The name enclosed in an oval frame which is commonly cut in the side of a statue.

could only have been done by a people more prone to think metaphysically or abstractedly than in a sensuous or practical way. As a fact, not in the representations of their kings alone, but in all forms of presentation or representation, the leaning of Egyptian art (to call it art) is in one and the same direction, toward the general and the abstract—in a word, toward the literary; for it is the proper function of letters, and not of art, to deal with general ideas and with abstractions. And because the Egyptian mind had this literary bias, the Egyptians did out of their art create for themselves a literature in the narrower sense of the word: that bias wrought ceaselessly upon their painting and their sculpture, and out of them fashioned writing. For I assume that there is no reader who is not aware that this has been historically the course of things: that pictures and sculpture long preceded alphabets, and that there is no alphabet in the world whose letters have not been developed, or one might say degraded, out of some picture; nor yet who is ignorant that among the nations of the world the Egyptians were by pre-eminence the inventors of writing—that most other peoples have merely received their alphabets from them.² Immeasurable discovery! Yet one which came partly by accident—shall we rather say by the operation of a tendency constant in all human nature, but in the Egyptians specially strong, whereof one inevitable manifestation is the disposition to conventionalize the images of things seen, in the same way that the child does when he draws the top of his round table round.

We cannot, then, justly call the art of the Egyptians barbarous: call it rather a literary art, and understand that its aim is not to show things as they actually were, but general ideas of such things. I will hazard the conjecture that the art of a child to-day is much more barbarous in this sense than the art of primitive man, just because the child generalizes more easily and natu-

² The Babylonians only among all the nations of the world might possibly dispute this pre-eminence of the Egyptians.

rally than the savage does. And it is a fact that the most primitive known form of plastic art among mankind is by no means what we should call barbarous, but more realistic and impressionist than it becomes at a later time. It presents to us single objects, mammoths (for it is contemporary with the mammoth), reindeer, occasionally two objects in conjunction, as a man seemingly stalking a deer; and it shows them all very well, done as the phrase is "to the life."

Later on in the history of our race we find the elements composing a picture greatly multiplied; and it would seem that now a disposition has grown up to present a series of events, a sort of diorama of events, as though in a single scene. The art which in the history of the world follows next after that of mammoth days is represented by certain rock-carvings which belong to the second Stone Age. We may reasonably believe that in these rock-carvings we find pictures not of one single event, but complex pictures of the kind which I have just described. If so, it is evident we have already arrived at an art which is no longer simple, but in a sense "literary," notwithstanding that literature, writing in the full sense of the term, is still far in the future. Of the kind of complex picture which I mean by the term diorama-picture, the most familiar illustration that could be found is the willow-pattern on the plate—assuming that the usual interpretation of that pattern is the true one. For here, though we seem to be gazing at a simple picture, we are in fact reading a romance, the history of two lovers from their runaway marriage to their death, and to the transmigration of their spirits.

When art begins to do this sort of thing it is, I say, getting away from presentation towards literature. It has to make one more mighty stride—the most decisive advance, it is true, which perhaps human invention has ever achieved—and then it will altogether have passed the barrier which separates presentment from writing. It is not the mere outward form of a picture which makes a picture in fact. "Picture-writ-

ing" is not art, it is not any form of presentative art. The great stride, the decisive step which landed mankind out of picturing or trying to "show," into writing or trying to "tell," may be illustrated after this fashion. Suppose an artist wished to inform his contemporaries or posterity that on some occasion four men went out to shoot a deer. Up to that day—if true picturing were hitherto the only art known—his method would be to draw four men marching, holding each a bow in his hand, and the deer a little way off. Here we have a record; but it is likewise a possible impression. Now let us imagine that some heaven-inspired craftsman, with no care for representation and with a desire to save himself trouble, contrives this new fashion of imparting the same information. A single man is drawn to represent the general idea "man;" then four strokes represent the number of them, "four;" then a bow by itself, to express the action of "shooting;" and the "deer" as before. This transition, I say, is one of the most stupendous achievements of the human mind: whoever the artist was who hit upon it, he was perhaps the greatest inventor the world has known. But he was the very reverse of an artist; we may be sure about one thing, that he cared nothing about the presentation of things seen.

From that decisive dividing line the evolution of true writing, of alphabets, goes on slowly but unchecked. Pictures will still long be used, but these pictures are henceforward divorced altogether from art: they are not counterfeit presentations; they stand for ideas, for words, in time for syllables and sounds, never more for things. Writing, therefore, is the extreme point of evolution out of presentative art, if one tendency, the literary tendency, be followed, and in one direction. It is as though we had seen two roads beginning to diverge, slightly at first, widely soon, and followed one road to its terminus; or else had traced the evolution of a species, step by step, from some distant ancestor.

Now the true meaning of "Impressionism" (as I would use the word) may be defined in a sentence—that, namely, it is

the terminus of the *other* road which we left behind: it is the latest point in the evolution of *another* species which, by different processes, has developed from the same parent stem. That means, if you come to consider it, that Impressionism is the negation of the literary side of Art—in other words, of the abstract and the general in Art.

Such a definition implies much, very much. Be it said I am trying to explain Impressionism, not to justify it—at any rate, not to exalt it above its place. Of Art, as of other things that have been created, have come into actual being, we must say in a certain sense that "what is right." Historical Art, religious Art, cannot be Impressionist; but these have existed, and still exist and should exist—at least, should have existed: albeit in saying this one may yet confess to a certain sneaking sympathy with the prejudice of the Mohammedan or the Puritan, which prejudice, in fact, means little more than that Religion belongs properly to the domain of Literature, and not of Art. Consider that, O Aesthete! The Puritan at least means no more than this. And it is sure to be among a people who deal more in abstract thought than in sensuous impressions that the Puritan theory in this matter will obtain.

That an Italian painter of the fifteenth century, of the Quattrocento, should paint for us a pure girl-mother and her baby—that is much, but that is Impressionism. Was it necessary, was it edifying, that he should call his picture a "Madonna and Child?" That may at least be questioned, and has been. He idealized, you say? Maybe; or only looked out for the highest type that he could find, as any artist were bound to do.

I do not mean that I am with the Puritan. For it cannot be denied that there are conceptions of a religious kind, Pagan and Christian, in their motive more literary than artistic, which yet Literature could not bring into being, and which could not be spared from Art. Consider the *Niké*, the *Victory*, for instance, or the Christian Angel. These are but two examples. On the artistic

expression of some conceptions of the ancient mythologies you cannot always pronounce so clearly a favorable judgment. I am not sure but that the group of gods on the Panathenaic Frieze, the Frieze of the Parthenon, is not the meanest part of it—from a literary standpoint, that is to say. The figures themselves are not conspicuously better or worse than those of the mortals in the same procession. But, not being much grander, they become (from the literary standpoint always) much more mean. Of this one thing there is no doubt, that the days when the divinity is presented otherwise than under some conventional shape have generally been days of religious decline.

Let that pass. What is not questionable is that, as literature more and more extends its field and captures more and more the mass of the people, art is driven always the nearer to within the enclosure of Impressionism. The historical picture, or the picture with a story, is excellent for illiterate folk. The simple-minded may still love to see a representation of Alfred minding—or not minding—the cakes. On others the conviction forces itself that the artist knew no more what Alfred looked like than you or I. Battle-pieces hold their place; but with them it is the impression or possible impression, the one dramatic moment of a thing happening (best, if in our days), that we want; it is not the record.

In the second age of Italian art—the Cinquecento—the painters had already perceived that the true historical picture was impossible, and they made a kind of impression serve their purpose—as when Paul Veronese paints a Venetian Feast and calls it a "Marriage in Cana." There was no reason in the nature of things why a picture of such a kind as that should not have been absolutely Impressionist—painted, that is, just as it came under the eye of the artist. But the modern idea had not yet arisen; and as a fact, the Venetians or the Romans—Raphael in his *stanze* as much as Veronese or Titian or Tintoret—only made their groups in the mind's eye: they composed their

pictures, and painted one model in pose after the other. Thus, they never actually saw what we see on their canvas till they had painted it there. In other cases they would clap a studio-painted model on the top (so to say) of a landscape sketched at quite a different time, and immensely conventionalized, probably: a picture of this kind is Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"—the most beautiful work of his that we have, but very far from an impression. Velasquez, in the next century, was the first man who really painted groups as he saw them—his "Meninas," his "Hillanderas," and in doing this Velasquez became the parent of modern painting. As such he is appreciated by contemporary artists above his actual merit, great as this is. Almost beside Velasquez as a "modern" we may place Rembrandt—at least in some of his groups. He too, we know, belongs to the century which followed that of the greatest Italians.

Our English art has remained, even to this day, the least impressionist, much less so than that just beyond the Channel. Millais' pictures, for instance, are always *composed*, not *received*, and are therefore in method not essentially different from an Italian picture of the sixteenth century. And no artist is more representatively English than Millais. For comparison in this particular between the English and the French schools it would be most instructive to compare one of Millais' subjects which contain two figures in a landscape—"Effie Deans," say, or "Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton," with Bastien Lepage's "*Dans les Feins*," which hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. For Bastien, though far removed from the most modern school of rapid vision, was, in the sense in which I have used the word, essentially an impressionist. Millais gives us in each of his two pictures a beautiful pair: Bastien gives us an ugly woman beside the recumbent figure of a man whose face is covered beneath a straw hat. Yet, though all the chances are for the English artist, when we have looked a while at the

French picture and return to the English ones, the latter look artificial. We feel that in Millais' case we are simply presented with two people posed to make a picture, and a landscape posed to make a background; in the other case we have the true sense of an actual scene.

From England came, too, the strongest reaction in favor of a literary art which this century has known—the Pre-Raphaelite movement. I know that at first sight this art looks essentially realistic. But it was not so in its origin; and its real motive-force was the reverse of realism. Pre-Raphaelitism sprang out of the mythologic influence of Wordsworth, his pantheistic influence, if you like that word better. All poetry which concerns itself much with nature must be pantheistic more or less. To the poet the tree is an entity and has a sort of spiritual existence; the mountain, the rock, the stream—they are all a kind of beings for him. Pre-Raphaelite art was imbued with the same mythology, and it tried to deal with nature after the same fashion. Of the tree it painted every leaf and branch; not that it had ever seen a tree so minutely, but that the tree was more to it than a mere gift—a *donné*—of the senses: it was a being. After this fashion did Pre-Raphaelitism express its reverence for Nature; just as a Tudor artist expressed his reverence for kingship by painting the monarch's portrait without shadow. And, behold; this illustration brings us very near to the idealizing Egyptian sculptor once more.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement failed, though from its loins sprang a very beautiful English school, that of Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Watts—if we may group these into a school—of which the worst that can be said is that it is somewhat exotic, and is historical more than actual.

Certainly, the feeling which created the Pre-Raphaelite body evokes one's sympathies. It is impossible not to wish that these arts could find some fashion by which they might deal with the things invisible to mortal sight;

impossible for any one who works in letters and knows how vast a place in literature is filled up by the incorporeal, but to wish there were more place for it in art likewise. Does not Charlotte Brontë represent her heroine as painting (quaint idea!) a picture of the shape that had *no shape*—

If shape it could be called, that shape had none?

Rochester was much impressed by the result, we are told. But, as a fact, those examples which we actually know, where art has tried to bring before us the invisible or the highly imaginative, are mostly of woeful kind: those babies for souls, for example, coming out of the dying man's mouth, which early Italian art gives us; the Banquo's—or other—ghosts of more modern painting, or pictures of fairies. When even a great painter has set himself to put down in black and white his conception of a great poem, as Botticelli did with the "Divina Commedia," the result is such as one would rather never have seen.

But perhaps I seem to be too eagerly championing the cause of impressionism. That is not my intention. There is, I take it, but one safe motto for the critic of art or of other things. I owe it to a French money-changer—howbeit he attached no aesthetic significance to all thereto—*Tout ce n'est pas bon*. In the matter of human beauty, to cite one thing only, there seems a place for an imagination which is something more than mere sensibility. Can we believe that the purest Greek type was only an impression of what actually existed? Or that Leonardo in his "Mona Lisa," Titian in numberless portraits, did not set forth a vast deal more than they really saw? And there are types, too—created types of beauty. I have just spoken of the painters who sprang out of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Some of their efforts they get by distortion. But still, but still we could not spare them. Nor Turner again, high priest of the mysteries of nature. He painted much that he

could never have seen. But we could not do without it being painted.

C. F. KEARY.

From The Spectator.
THE FATE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

We take it to be certain, in spite of interruptions in the telegraphic service, that Manila has surrendered; that the Tagal population will hold the larger Philippine islands, subject to guidance from leaders recognized by the Americans; and that the latter will never, whatever the ultimate issue of the war, hand the colony back to Spain. They are more governed by moral considerations than their enemies choose to think, and a conviction that Spaniards are incurably cruel—are, in fact, born Inquisitors—has sunk deeply into their minds. To an American the Spaniard, it should be remembered, is not the man of the Peninsular War, but the man who conquered the Americas, and so misgoverned them that his own people rose upon him in unquenchable fury. The Americans will have, therefore, at the close of the war, to decide how their newly acquired property shall be disposed of, and already fierce jealousies and far-reaching ambitions have been awakened throughout Europe. America, it is said, will not keep the islands; and if they are to be sold, either for money or for territory, to whom are they to go? Their possession might disturb "the balance of power" in the Far East. England, it is said, must not have them, because she has already too much; Germany, because her designs upon China would thereby be facilitated; Russia, because she would be too near Australia; and France, because she may choose in the next war to act as Russia's obedient ally. Japan, as a pagan power, is out of the question when two and a half millions of Christians have to be disposed of; and it is very doubtful whether Holland would undertake the laborious task of reducing the Philippines to order. She succeeds in Java after a fashion, and

might make a heavy bid for a second tropical estate, but the attempt to form a colonial army seems beyond her strength. She has been trying through a whole generation to conquer Acheen, and the fierce little Malay state holds her successfully at bay. These arguments, and many like them, will be urged on the Americans by the chancelleries of Europe, which are already twittering with excitement, and putting out little feelers, and looking at Manila like children at a cake which they want badly but think it decorous not to ask for or see.

We think the Americans will keep the Philippines; we hope they will most heartily, and we can show that they have the means of doing so with little trouble to themselves. We think they will keep them because we think that the Americans will emerge from this war with new ideas and larger ambitions. They will have defeated a second-class European State, and will feel acutely that as matters stand they would have been defeated by a first-class one. They could not have fought France, to say nothing of Great Britain, without suffering grave defeats at sea and enormous losses by land. That is not a position which suits the American temper, and Washington will therefore set itself to construct a first-class iron fleet. They can do that at home with twice the rapidity of the Japanese, because they have a hundred times the Japanese command of money, and they can man the fleet when constructed by sweeping all the shiftless boys of the Union, as they are doing already, into great naval schools, one for each State. That fleet once built, the desire for a position in the world equal to their position among nations, for islands as coaling stations, for posts of vantage if Europe threatens them, will induce, or indeed compel them to give up their idea of non-intervention, which already, as we see, has given way the moment their deeper emotions are stirred. Already, before the war has well begun, they are threatening Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, and as soon as it is over and the fleet built they will

open the Nicaragua Canal, claiming right of free passage through it for their battleships, and change their Monroe doctrine into a direct and effective protectorate of the two Americas. They will, we believe, from the first hesitate to give up the Philippines, partly because the islands will provide admirable stations for their fleet, but chiefly because they are determined that China, which is their biggest natural foreign market, shall not be closed to their trade. They must be ready to strike, if need be, on the Chinese coast, and to strike hard, and seeing that, they will not give up islands which offer them impregnable defences for their dockyards, their coal-vaults and their arsenals. To retain them is, of course, to give up their traditional policy of non-interference in the politics of the world; but we confess we have not much faith in self-denying policies of that kind. To shake down an ancient European throne is surely interference with Europe of a definite kind, and they are doing that already. The people of the United States have not realized their new position yet, but when they do, we shall hear, we feel confident, much less of non-intervention. We think America will keep the Philippines, and we heartily hope it. She will govern them well enough, much better than any power except ourselves, and we have more of the world's surface than we can well manage. It is true that the position in the Pacific would be magnificent, that we can create a Civil Service by a mere advertisement in the *Gazette*, the educated middle class thirsting for more "careers," and that we could garrison the islands with Sikhs and Afghans, to the delight of both, without risking a single bone of Tommy Atkins; but we cannot undertake to govern the whole dark world. The envy we excite is already too great, and the strain upon the mental power of those who govern is already excessive, so excessive that we fear there is already a faltering at the centre of affairs, produced not by timidity, but by a just sense that for England to do anything anywhere is to stir the water which envelops the world, and

drive a wave upon some coast it is not intended to attack. It would be a relief if another English-speaking power would take up a portion of our task, and in taking it, perform the duty of repaying something to the world which yields her such advantages. The "weary Titan," in fact, needs an ally while traversing "the too vast orb of his fate," and the only ally whose aspirations, ideas and language are like his own is the great American people. The Frenchman is too fickle, the Russian too full of guile, and the German too harsh in his treatment of all who do not think that to be drilled is the first, if not the only, duty of man.

We hope the Americans will keep the Philippines, and that they can keep them we have no doubt whatever. Europe, to put the truth in its most brutal form, cannot attack them without our permission; and the constitutional difficulty is all rubbish, as Congress can make laws for territories, or declare the islands to be held, like Bosnia, as lands "in temporary military occupation" of the United States. The Americans are not governing Manila to-day through the universal suffrage of the Tagals, and need not therefore govern it to-morrow, while as to the means of holding the islands they have a resource of which no one has spoken hitherto, but to which, as an instrument of power, there is hardly a limit. No one doubts that the States can produce and train any amount of officers, and they have, like ourselves, *the means of enlisting a large and effective Sepoy army.* They have already four or five thousand negro troops who have distinguished themselves in the Indian wars, and who are now about to be despatched to Cuba because they are "immune" from yellow fever. Nothing stops the Americans from raising the negro force to twenty thousand men—there are now nine millions of colored people under the Stars and Stripes—and with them holding the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico, paying them out of local revenues. With such a garrison those islands would be as safe as drawing-rooms and as full of business as Broad-

way or the Strand. There is really no obstacle, for the prejudice of color, fierce as it is in the States, would not operate against a colonial army, more especially if that army were a good one. And it would be a good one. The bravery of the trained negro is never questioned, he is accustomed not only to obey but to respect white officers, and the tropical regions in which he would be stationed exactly suit not only his constitution but his notion of that which constitutes happiness in life. Instead of remaining a source of weakness to the Union, he can be turned by wise and lenient management into an instrument of empire. We do not, be it observed, give way for one moment to the theory that white men cannot retain their energy in the tropics—nearly the whole of Brazil is within their limit—but if white Americans dislike service in lands so warm they have millions of dark Americans who do not, and who are as proud of the greatness of the Republic, and if decently treated, as faithful to its flag, as any of their lighter brethren. The Americans are waking up to a perception of the value of this instrument of force, and when once they have fully realized it we shall hear little of their difficulty in garrisoning distant possessions inhabited by dark tribes. The Tagals will not feel insulted because the garrison which keeps their villages safe is only white at the top.

From Chambers's Journal.
A COLLIER SAILOR.

The collier sailor has not contributed very considerably to English literature, yet one of the most entertaining little volumes of nautical memoirs ever put together is the autobiography of Henry Taylor, master mariner of South Shields, who was born in 1737, and published the account of his life in 1811. The book is scarce, and is a real curiosity in its way, presenting as it does a very perfect picture of life on board a collier in the last century. In reading

it one cannot fail to be impressed by the very small degree of change which has taken place in the essentials of the mariner's calling. Modernize Taylor's quaint old forms of expression, and his book would very truthfully represent the life on board a "Geordie-man" of to-day. Probably no sailor ever lived whose memory has greater claims upon the gratitude of all seafaring men than that of old Henry Taylor. For he it was who first brought about the beaconing of dangerous shoals and reefs by means of light-ships. Like most sailors, when he quitted the sea he left his heart behind him, and in the seclusion of a somewhat poverty-stricken retirement conceived the idea of beaconing the watery highways round our coasts. His scheme was adopted, and the old North Country collier master lived to see a splendid system of floating beacons established. The poor fellow's appeal to the Trinity House for some recognition of his scheme is

almost pathetic. "Many years," he writes, "after I had settled on shore, I had to struggle with embarrassing circumstances, which, not without difficulty, I weathered through. My heart was always too big for my means; for, however I might be oppressed with poverty, I could not resist the propensity of contributing as much as was in my power to the happiness of my fellow-creatures, especially seamen, for whom I always had a partial regard; and hence I was always ready to join in any measures calculated for their benefit." And then he goes on to state his claims as a man who practically invented the light-ship. But the obscure Shields collier skipper had a hard fight; and it was not until long after the light he had been instrumental in placing had been bravely burning through many seasons of stormy darkness that Taylor obtained a grant of five hundred pounds from the Trinity House.

An Historic Pack of Cards.—Stories in which a pack of cards figures are generally connected with gambling; but here is one that is quite fitted even for Sunday reading. At the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, a commission was signed for the purpose of punishing the heretics in Ireland, and Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was honored with this humane appointment, to execute which he set off with great alacrity. On his arrival at Chester, he sent for the mayor to sup with him, and in the course of conversation related his business; then, going to his cloak-bag, he took out the box containing the commission, and having shown it, with great joy exclaimed: "This will lash the heretics of Ireland." Mrs. Edmonds, the landlady, overheard this discourse, and having several relations in Ireland, who were Protestants as well as herself, resolved to put a trick upon the doctor; and while he went to attend the magistrate to the door, took the commission out of the box, and in its room placed a pack of

cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. The zealous doctor, suspecting nothing of the matter, put up his box, took shipping, and, arriving safe in Dublin, went immediately to the viceroy. A council was called; and, after a speech, the doctor delivered his box, which being opened by the secretary, the first thing that presented itself was the knave of clubs! This sight surprised the viceroy and the council, but much more the doctor, who assured them that he had received a commission from the queen, but what was come of it he could not tell. "Well, well," replied the viceroy, "you must go back for another, and we will shuffle the cards in the meantime." The doctor accordingly hastened across the channel; but at Holyhead he received the intelligence of the queen's death, and the accession of Elizabeth, who settled on Mrs. Edmonds a pension of forty pounds a year for saving her Protestant subjects in Ireland.—*Household Words.*

